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# TRUE WEST

"HELL WITH THE FIRE OUT!"

From the rocky labyrinth of the Lava Beds, the Modoc Indians fought a bloody, bitter war with the U. S. Army.

By Norman B. Wiltsey

November, 1954—25c

THE HONOR OF OLD THUNDER
By Walt Coburn

SHOOTING TOWN, U. S. A.
By Bob & Jan Young

TWO GUN MARSHAL
By Eugene Cunningham

"I SAW THEM KILL SAM BASS"

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## FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE
## THE OLD WEST AND THE NEW!

Illustrated by ROBERT R. LORENZ

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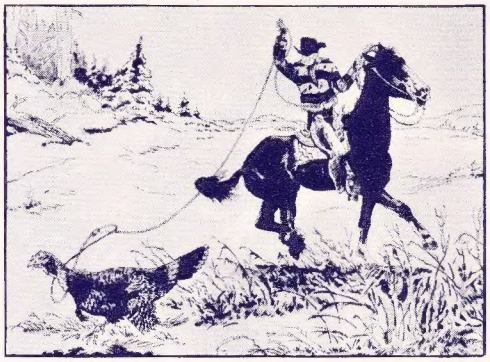

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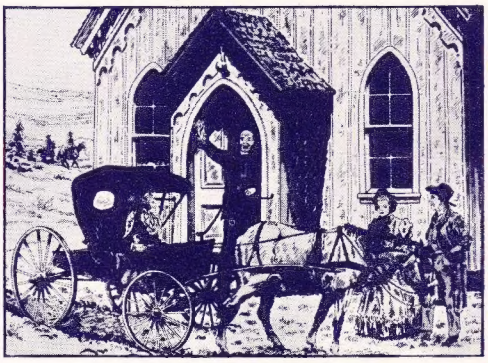

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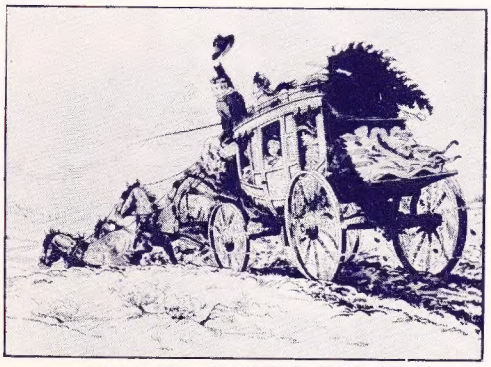

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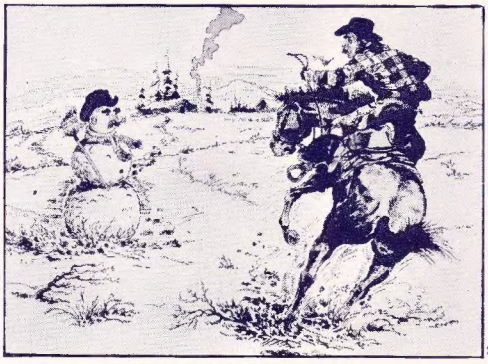

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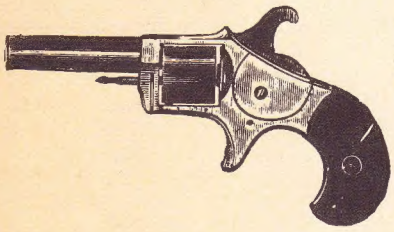

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October-November, 1954
Volume 2 No. 2


# True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West


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**COVER: "Gopher Hole" by Randy Steffen**


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*True West*

# Famous Searcher For Lost People Finds KAMP-PACK Perfect

## LG Bloodhounds Point Way To Lost Youth

The Los Gatos bloodhounds were home today after directing searchers to a 12-year-old boy lost since Saturday in the rugged Tehama county mountains.

. The boy was found yesterday at 3:30 p.m., six hours after the dogs started tracking him up Elam creek, previously skipped by the 150-man search party because it was considered impossible for anyone to traverse.

**Good Condition**

Wilson said he and Nordberg helped to carry the boy down the mountain. He said the youth was "tired and hungry," but in good condition. The youth had covered the distance to where he was found the first day, then holed up in a crevice in the rocks which held the warmth of the sun.

The Los Gatos men gave the boy the first food he had eaten since Saturday, a cup of custard from the camp pack donated to them by Bernard's of San Jose.

**Bloodhounds Find Tom Arano Alive**

Bloodhounds Thursday night located Tom Arano, 90-year-old Pajaro valley vaquero, missing for 27 hours, alive in the mud and brush of the Pajaro river near the end of Coolidge street. Despite long exposure, the aged cowboy apparently was none the worse for his experience and after examination at Watsonville hospital he was allowed to return to his home.

Arano was found 24 minutes after two bloodhounds, owned by Norman Wilson of Los Gatos and sheriff Jack McCoy of Monterey county were put into the search which was started at noon Thursday. Police authorities and Boy Scouts had searched the same river area.

Do I know about Kamp-Packs? Sure do, been using them for the past four and a half years. I've carried them from San Diego, California, to Anchorage, Alaska. In fact, I always keep an extra one on hand.

I can carry enough food for two people, including utensils, for four days in a sixteen pound pack. To me that means a lot cause I have to travel light and fast. I never know when or where my Bloodhounds and I are going, or how long we will be gone.

When found, I've offered the person a wonderful hot food from my Kamp-Pack and had him stare at me in utter amazement. That stare doesn't last long; one taste and his face will light up like a Barber Pole. It is hard to believe that food of the quality of Bernard's Kamp-Pack can be had by just adding water.

*Norman D. Wilson*

## Search Party Finds Lost Lad

A 13-year-old Sunnyvale boy was found unharmed shortly before midnight last night after being lost in the rugged Smith Creek area of Mt. Hamilton for 5½ hours.

The searching party, accompanied by bloodhounds led by their owner, Norman Wilson, of Los Gatos, located the youth, Tommy Smith, 18 miles up Mt. Hamilton Road.

The boy and his mother, Mrs. George A. Smith, of 894 W. Iowa St., were on an outing in the Smith Creek area when the lad and his pet dog wandered off at 6:30.

When the boy did not return to the car by 8 o'clock, the mother became alarmed and reported his absence to the Smith Creek Ranger Station.

The sheriff's office sent two crews, as did the State Division of Forestry. Jack Atkinson was about to leave County Communications headquarters on Tully Road with a public address system mounted on a panel truck when word was radioed back the boy had been located.

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# The West Is Too Big!

ALONG about mesquite-blooming time last June, your old editor, with a wife and a couple of boy younguns tagging along, pulled out from home, bent on seeing the West.

And we saw some of it—more I'd guess than Lewis and Clark ever did. We chunked rocks into the Rio Grande between Texas and Mexico. We chunked some more into the Grand Canyon. We ate bear meat and bull elk in New Mexico. We swam in the Great Salt Lake. We fought cutthroat trout in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. We watched Old Faithful blow off. We got a haircut in Montana, slept in the mountains of Idaho, wished we owned a fruit and hay farm like some we saw in Washington, and wondered who in the devil spilled all that bluing in Oregon's Crater Lake. We nearly broke our necks looking at the Redwood forests, had a wreck in Eureka, California, and romped in the Pacific surf at Del Mar.

And along about there, we began to notice that the seats of our pants were beginning to drag out our tracks. Too, that's where I hauled out what money I had left, went to counting it and doing a little thinking.

Now, I thought, we've spent two months on the road and driven some 7,000 miles. We've sweated in the deserts and shivered in the mountains and looked at scenic wonders till our eyeballs are hanging out on our cheeks like fried eggs. We've met and visited with some mighty fine folks, swapped lies with them, drunk their whiskey, eaten their grub, and slept in their beds.

But compared to all the country there is to see and to all the folks that were kind enough to ask us to come put up with them a spell, we ain't been nowhere or seen nothing.

So I said to Mama. "Mama, we're whipped. We just as well go on home."

And, of course, she wanted to know why, so I just up and told her.

"It's this country," I said. "We ain't never going to see it all. It's just too damn big!"

SO WE CAME on back to Texas and got here about the time the mesquite beans were getting ripe.

And now your old editor is back at the grind again, trying to get out a magazine, so other folks who won't ever live long enough or have enough money to see the West can, at least, read about it.

Another thing I got to wondering about while on this jaunt was why all the stories we get in from writers are about happenings that took place in the West fifty to a hundred years ago. A stranger reading True West might get the notion that the West was all dead today, that it was nothing more than one vast graveyard for all the colorful and adventuresome souls who pioneered it.

Well, it didn't look dead to me. I'll grant you that maybe there's not so much Indian-fighting and cattle rustling and badman killings as there possibly once was. But there are still people out there, struggling to establish homes, fighting over water rights, logging off forests, robbing their lands by overgrazing, trying to build back pastures that have been despoiled, mining and prospecting for uranium and growing fruit and leading snow water down out of the mountains to make green pastures in the deserts.

I saw some of all that going on, and it all looked to me like history in the making, and it made me wish that more of our writers would quit poking around in the history books so much and go out and talk to some real live people and see what they're doing and why. I have a notion that would be a big help to them as well as to True West.

Now, for the rocks and posies. When we published the contradictory stories about ROSE OF CIMARRON last issue, we expected some comment, and got it.

"I asked you not to spill any!"

Dear Sirs:

I have just read the August-September issue of TRUE WEST magazine with the articles about Rose of Cimarron and the battle at Ingalls.

I lived in Ingalls from December, 1892, until December, 1900, and was an eye witness to the Ingalls battle September 1, 1893, which started near 9:00 o'clock, and know as much about this battle as anybody. "Rose of Cimarron," by Glenn Shirley, is as near a correct version as will ever be written. There is very little that could be changed. "Rose of Cimarron," as written by Maggie Rex Oldham, is absolutely erroneous.

There was no Parmlee hardware store. It was owned by J. D. Ramsey. At the start of the battle, I was in the door of our store and Ramsey came in the back way and got me and a man named Ferguson to get down behind some salt barrels. The Parmleys (this is the correct spelling) lived three miles southwest of Ingalls and never moved to Ingalls until years later. No one lived there named Doc Dollinger and there was no Dollinger drug store.

There were no outlaws at the hotel when the fight started except Arkansas Tom. The battle was fought at the Ransom-Murray saloon and the livery stable south of there. The only outlaw who was even wounded was Bitter Creek, and none of the marshals were killed in the locations claimed by Oldham. Lafe Shadley was killed as he was climbing through the fence near our storm cave. He crawled down the steps into the cellar badly wounded. The doctors got sheets and bed clothes from our house to wrap him in before he was taken to Stillwater where he died. Bitter Creek rode out of town at the start of the battle, and there was no woman called Rose of Cimarron who carried any guns to him in the street.

Dick Speed and Bill Doolin didn't shoot at each other in front of the barn. Speed was the first officer killed. He was shot in the doorway of the Pierce livery stable a block up the street at the start of the fight.

Dalton was not wounded. Doolin was not hit. All the outlaws rode southeast over a hill in front of our house after cutting through a barbed wire fence. No woman rode with them.

Oldham states that there was no dynamite in the county in those days. This is also erroneous. Ramsey kept plenty in his hardware; that was the reason he left the store and came to ours when the shooting started—for fear bullets would hit the dynamite inside his store and blow up the place. Three high-powered rifle bullets came through our store and lodged in the barrels of salt in the front door.

Arkansas Tom surrendered after the officers threatened to dynamite the hotel. They never did threaten to burn it. Oldham also claims no one of the thirty or forty inhabitants was sufficiently educated to spell out the word "hotel." At that time more than a hundred persons lived in and near Ingalls, several well educated. Four were doctors. Dr. Selph, my uncle, had both his degree in law and medicine. My father was postmaster and certainly could read the mail as well as J. W. Ellsworth, an ordained minister and postmaster before my father took over the post office.

I knew Bitter Creek well, also Arkansas Tom and the other members of the gang, and I never knew of any of them having a sweetheart called Rose of Cimarron. Bitter Creek always visited a young woman who lived near the Pearce Hotel, and he always went to her house when he came to Ingalls.

I am glad to see Shirley explode such tales as Oldham's, as I have read too many that are pure fiction. I don't think Shirley is trying to explode anything. He is just trying to write the facts, and I congratulate him.

I get TRUE WEST magazine at the newsstand here and enjoy it very much. It is an excellent magazine and I congratulate you for the factual stories you are trying to present.—E. J. Selph, 723 West Street, Stillwater, Oklahoma.

**Editor's Note: We've had several visitors by our office who personally knew every member of the Dalton-Doolin gang. One man told us, "They were just common cowboys who didn't want to dig post holes for a living, so they took to robbery. Cattle work was hard to get in that section of the country at the time. They were beginning to till the soil. So, rather than get behind plow handles, some of the cowboys took to living the easiest way they could. I've seen Bill Dalton walk down the street with a kid on his shoulders. Bill would holler "Boom, boom!" like he was shooting bad men. The people liked them mostly. They were tipped off that the marshals were coming a full day before they got there. Bill Doolin said the marshals would have wiped them out if they (the marshals) hadn't been so woozy. The marshals had had a two**

(*Continued on page* 45)

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# HELL with the

Third in a series of important Indian nations of America. Complete in this issue.

Illustrated by Keith Soward

**"The coyote cannot fight the grizzly and live; and so it would be with us if we fought the white men," pointed out Keintpoos, son of the Modoc head-chief, Combutwaush.**

**But with the gold miners bent on killing every "red-skinned varmint" they could find, the Modocs had no choice except to make a desperate last-stand fight among the lava beds.**

# FIRE OUT!

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

IN northeastern California, near the Oregon border, lie the Lava Beds. This weird region, comprising an area about eight miles long and four wide, was formed uncounted centuries ago by tremendous volcanic eruptions. Masses of molten stone cooled into fantastically shaped natural fortifications; maddeningly jumbled trenches, parapets, lookout points, caves. Now a National Park, the Lava Beds were once known to U.S. Army troops as "Hell With The Fire Out!" The soldiers spoke from bitter first-hand experience, for in this sinister terrain was fought the Modoc War of 1872-73, declared by military experts "the most costly war in which the United States ever engaged, considering the number of opponents."

The Modocs, participants in this savage struggle, lived on Lost River, near Tule Lake, on the California-Oregon border. A small and peaceful tribe, the Modocs were utterly defenseless when, in 1853, a posse of miners attacked their unguarded camps and slaughtered scores of their people. The miners, out to avenge a recent Indian attack upon an emigrant wagon train, had vowed to kill every "red-skinned varmint" they could find. The fact that the Modocs were not guilty of the raid on the wagon train made absolutely no difference to the posse. The actual culprits, a band of Shastans, hid in the Lava Beds while whole families of Modocs were butchered for the crime the Shastans had committed.

After the massacre, the surviving Modocs fled deep into the Lava Beds. Safe from pursuit in the rocky labyrinth, the Modoc leaders held council in a cave. Standing before a flickering fire, head-chief Combutwaush grimly told his sub-chiefs that he intended to fight—to kill the white men before they killed him. Fierce *hou-hous* of approval sounded around the circle of squatting warriors. No one lifted a dissenting voice until young Keintpoos, the son of Combutwaush, stood up in the council ring.

"I am a Modoc," said Keintpoos, "and so I am not afraid to die. Yet the coyote cannot fight the grizzly and live; and so it would be with us if we fought the white men. No one told the white men that it was the Shastans who attacked their wagons. To the whites, all Indians are alike—all bad. We have not killed any white people yet, so let us not kill any. We are few and poor; the whites are many and rich. If we want to live and remain here in our own country, we must not fight them!"

The words of Keintpoos touched off a heated argument among the sub-chiefs. Some of those attending the council believed that Keintpoos spoke wisely; others flatly declared that he was a coward. Combutwaush repeated that he was for war —and added sadly that he was ashamed of a son who dared not fight to defend his home and people. The council broke up in general wrangling with no decision reached as to a definite course of action in the future.

COUNCILS were held every day for a week—and then the sight of a wagon train moving northward on the California-Oregon Trail decided the issue in a hurry. Warriors blocked the narrow Trail in front of the train, then dropped screeching from the bluffs on both sides. Led by a sub-chief named Schonchin, the Modocs wiped out virtually the entire party of seventy-five emigrants. Only three escaped to carry the shocking news to Yreka, the nearest settlement.

The whites were horrified by this "Massacre of Bloody Point," forgetting in their rage that it was their own unwarranted attack upon the Modoc camps that had incited the terrible deed. Yet nothing was done to punish the guilty Modocs until 1856, when Ben Wright led a company of Oregon volunteers in belated reprisal.

Wright sent a messenger bearing a flag of truce into the Modocs' stronghold, inviting them to a point on the lake shore for a council. Both sides were to appear unarmed at this conference, and either party was free to leave unchallengd whenever they wished. Wright also sent word that he would prepare a big feast for his "Modoc brothers"; and that generous promise proved to be the clincher for the wary Indians. Quickly they agreed to come weaponless to the council.

In camp on the lake shore, Wright received his messenger's report with satisfaction and set about dishing up the feast. A thoughtful host, Ben included a hefty slug of strychnine in every portion of food to be served his guests.

Schonchin suspected treachery and remained behind in the Modoc hideout, warning Combutwaush to do the same. The chief laughed at Schonchin's fears, called him an "old woman," and led forty-two of his best warriors unarmed into Wright's camp. What happened next is confused by contradictory reports; only the end result is known for certain. Perhaps the Indians, suddenly suspicious of Wright's overwhelming hospitality, refused the poisoned food; maybe the strychnine proved innocuous. Ben himself made sure his plan worked by pulling a hidden pistol and shooting the warrior seated next to him as a signal to his men to start blasting away.

Thirty-eight Modocs lay dead when the slaughter was finished, among them Combutwaush himself. Five escaped.

WITH the death of Combutwaush, the Modocs split into two opposing factions; one party, under the new head-chief Keintpoos, was still convinced that peace with the whites was the only possible course; the other party was equally certain that war was the only honorable choice for brave men regardless of consequences. This faction was led by Schonchin and his son, Schonchin John. The younger Schonchin had been one of the five braves to escape the settlers' death-trap, and the terrible experience had seared the youth with an undying hatred of the whites.

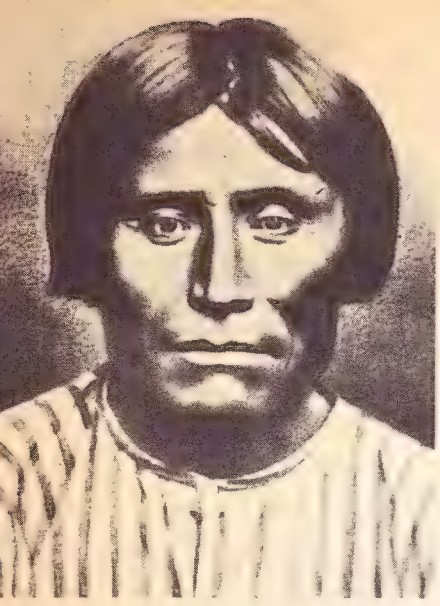
Doggedly Keintpoos fought to preserve peace. In stormy councils he reminded Schonchin and his followers that he, Keintpoos, had suffered from the whites as much as any of them. "The white people murdered my father; yet still I can see nothing but disaster to be gained by fighting them. I will go out among their wise men to see what can be done."

Accordingly, Keintpoos went among the white leaders to argue eloquently for his people. Some wanted to kill him on sight; others, genuinely impressed by the courage and dignity of this savage chieftain, listened to his words. Among those who listened was Elisha Steele, a lawyer of Yreka, California. Steele named the red man Captain Jack, and promised to help him.

With Steele's aid, Keintpoos—or Captain Jack, as he was called henceforth—eventually wrung a promise from leading settlers that the Modocs would not be attacked if they remained in their remote Lost River country. It had taken him two years, but finally Jack was able to assure his people that peace was an accomplished fact. Unfortunately, the chief was too inexperienced in diplomacy to reckon with the evanescent character of the white man's pledges.

Still, as frontier pacts went, this one was not so bad. It lasted nine years, which was practically forever, compared with the fleeting tenure of most Indian treaties. By 1864 so many settlers had pushed into the Lost River country the Government decided to move the Modocs to a reservation.

*(Continued on following page)*



Captain Jack, left, and General Canby, right—opposing principals in the Modoc War. Captain Jack (Keintpoos) at first opposed war with whites, but after his chieftain father was murdered at a "peace parley," he led the Modocs in a bitter war against the whites. In a last desperate effort to save his people, Captain Jack killed General Canby at a parley. After the Modoc defeat, he was hanged.

Orders went out to the Oregon Superintendent of Indian Affairs to negotiate a treaty which would remove not only the Modocs but their kinsmen, the Klamaths, to a joint reservation.

Rudely disillusioned, Captain Jack refused to parley with the commissioners. "Your tongues are forked—you have broken your pledged word," he told them bluntly. "Get out of my country—I have nothing to say to you!"

The chief was learning fast—but he still had something to discover in the matter of white man trickery. His next lesson came quickly when the Government agents declared Schonchin headchief of the Modocs and arranged the removal treaty with him. To avoid bloodshed, Jack signed the paper himself.

THE removal scheme almost certainly would have been successful had the Modocs been sent to a reservation of their own. Herded in with the haughty Klamaths, on land that was formerly Klamath territory, the failure of the plan was inevitable. Acting as though the country was still all theirs, the Klamaths refused to allow the Modocs to cut timber or hunt game. For six years the Modocs eked out a miserable existence from fish and roots and berries and whatever game they could take without the Klamaths' knowledge. Finally in the spring of 1870, Captain Jack despaired of the unending struggle against starvation. In council he announced his decision:

"Six years have passed since the white man tricked us into coming here; six years in which we have lived like animals or worse. Half our tribe has died of hunger and disease; many others are dying. We have tried hard to follow the white man's road; I see now that it can never be done. I am going back to our old home on Lost River; you many follow me if you wish."

"That will lead to war with the white man," objected Schonchin. "I am too old to fight anymore. I will stay here, with those who wish to stay with me."

"Do as you please," assented Jack, "but as for me, I would rather die in battle than live as a muskrat digging roots in a creek-bed!"

There was no moon on the night that Captain Jack led his tattered emaciated band back to the site of the former Modoc village on Lost River, just above Tule Lake. Seventy braves and their families comprised Jack's group; a smaller band, under sub-chief Hooker Jim, camped on the opposite side of the river.

Settlers, journeying to town the next morning, were amazed to observe the lodges of the Modocs sprouting as of old along the river banks. All this land was now claimed by the settlers, and they at once appealed indignantly to Government authorities to eject the "Injun squatters." Official red tape being then exactly what it is today, the Government got around to considering the problem in November, 1872. In that month, the Indian agent at Fort Klamath, Oregon, received instructions from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs to proceed at once to Lost River and return the Modocs to the Klamath reservation.

Captain Jack received the agent in his lodge and listened carefully to the dictum issued by the Superintendent. He smoked his pipe in silence for a full minute, then gave his answer.

"Go back to your chiefs and tell them this: The Modocs will never go back to starve among the Klamaths. Give us our own reservation where we can support ourselves and live at peace with all men. If this cannot be done, then do not come back to bother me again."

The agent returned to Fort Klamath with word that the Modoc chief was adamant—or, as he graphically expessed it: "Damn red jackass won't listen to nuthin' or nobody!"

UNIMPRESSED, the Indian Superintendent sent the agent back to try again on November 27. Again Jack refused to even consider returning to the Klamath reservation. Over and over again he repeated his reasonable request that the Modocs be granted a reservation of their own, located in their own country. The chief's plea came to the attention of General Edward Canby, military commander of the Department of the Pacific. Canby promptly agreed with Jack that this was a fair solution of the problem, and offered personally to supervise arrangements for such a move. Higher authority overruled the General in an exchange of acid notes. Canby was forced to send a cavalry detachment into the Modoc camp to dislodge the stubborn squatters.

The first rays of the rising sun reddened the river mists as Major James Jackson led thirty-six troopers into the Indian village on the morning of November 29. Camp dogs heralded the soldiers' arrival, and Captain Jack was waiting for them at the door of his lodge. Jackson wasted no time on preliminaries.

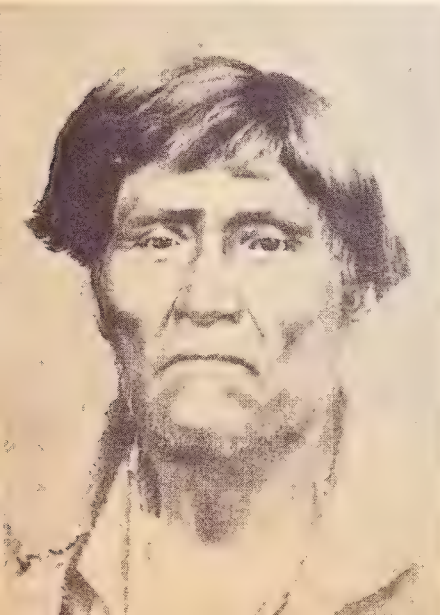
"I've been sent by the Government to escort you and your people back to the reservation. You will give up your arms and come peaceably."

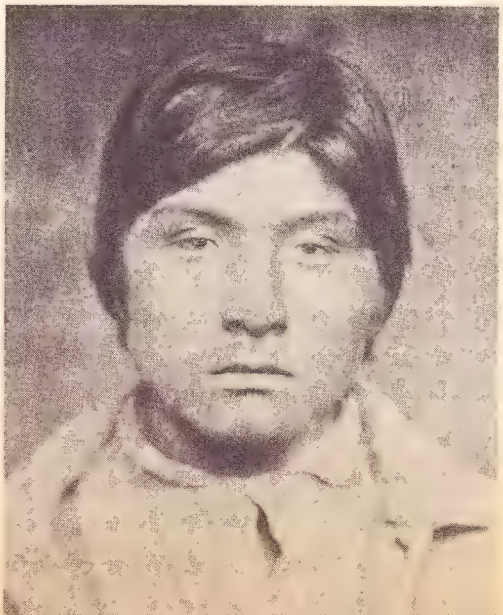
The chief shifted his rifle significantly from his left hand to his right. "We will go peaceably to a reservation of our own. We will not go back to the Klamaths. It is not good for a chief to see his people hungry."

Jackson, tense with the danger of his precarious position, firmly replied. "You are chief here, as you have said. Lay down your gun and your warriors will lay down theirs. Let us have no fighting.

*True West*

Schonchin, left, was bitter against the whites from the beginning. He served the Modoc cause bravely and brilliantly. He and Boston Charley, right, who killed Dr. Thomas, both were hanged with Captain Jack. Schonchin led the Modocs in their first retaliation against the whites—the Massacre of Bloody Point.





**After the small, peaceful tribe of Modocs was wrongfully slaughtered as revenge for crimes committed by another tribe, the Modocs, led by Schonchin, retaliated by killing over 70 emigrants in the Massacre of Bloody Point, above left. Later the Modocs defended themselves brilliantly in the Lava Beds of Northeastern California, and at Captain Jack's Cave, right, put up a last ditch stand.**

Enough of your people have already died."

"*Ai-ee,* it is true," admitted Jack. The red man's shoulders sagged; suddenly he seemed weary and dejected, almost old. Slowly, he laid his rifle on the ground.

Quickly, Major Jackson signalled to his second in command, Lieutenant Boutelle, to move in and arrest the Indians.

Scarface Charley, the first warrior approached by the troopers, sullenly dropped his rifle at command but balked at surrendering the six-shooter he carried in his belt. He ducked away, yelling his war-cry, pulled the gun and threw a shot at Boutelle. Fighting broke out instantly and one soldier was killed and seven wounded in the scrap. Fifteen Modocs died in the shooting, some of them women and children. Major Jackson ended the brawl by withdrawing from the Indian village to care for his wounded. The Modocs struck camp immediately and headed for the Lava Beds.

Across the river, Hooker Jim's camp had been simultaneously attacked by a posse of civilians. The Indians drove the settlers off, killing three, before starting for the rock wilderness south of Tule Lake and a prearranged rendezvous with Captain Jack. En route, Hooker Jim's excited warriors murdered seventeen settlers living on outlying ranches.

FOR more than a year Captain Jack and Hooker Jim had worked at preparing their hidden natural stronghold for a desperate last stand against the whites. Ammunition, dried meat and roots had been stored in the caves. Three small lakes, near at hand, could be reached by passages through the tumbled rocks —passages known only to the Modocs. Seventy-five warriors, protecting 150 women and children, waited grimly for the white soldiers to come and get them. The stage was set for the bloodiest little war in frontier history.

The whites showed an understandable reluctance to go in after the holed-up quarry; it was mid-January before units of the First Cavalry and Twenty-first Infantry, under Colonel Wheaton, made the attempt. Volunteers swelled the ranks of the attacking force to about 400 men.

Dense white fog swirled above the Lava Beds on the morning of January 17, 1873. Even the tough troopers of the dismounted First Calvary felt a qualm of uneasiness as they marched into the fog-shrouded gullies. One raw recruit wondered aloud if there would be enough "Modoc steak" for everybody at noon mess. A veteran Irish sergeant bawled: "Shut up, ye gowk! Ye'll have a bellyfull of Indians before *this* day is done!"

The sergeant had called the shot. Suddenly out of the coiling fog ahead sounded the shrill war-cries of the Modocs, followed instantly by a withering blast of rifle-fire. Nothing could be seen of the Indians but the orange-red flashes of their guns stabbing through the haze. The blue-clad columns drove forward, shooting blindly at the gun-flashes. The Modocs melted away like ghosts, flitting along their trenches to open fire from a new position. Colonel Wheaton brought up a battery of mountain howitzers and set them banging futilely away at shadows. Hidden red sharpshooters picked off the gunners—and laughed mockingly when the baffled CO ordered another charge. The troopers stumbled over loose, sharp-edged stones, falling, rising to go forward at a half-run through the writhing mist straight into a murderous sleet of bullets. Chasms yawned directly under the feet of the charging men—chasms haunted by screeching, unseen devils. Over the rim and into the pit after them—and the devils were heard no more until they howled from the rock-walls above and poured lead down into their confused, milling target.

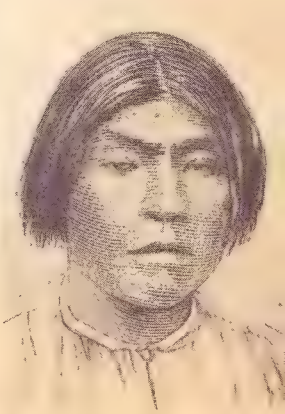
So it went all through that frightful day. As nightfall deepened the eerie gloom of the Lava Beds into utter blackness, the soldiers had advanced about a mile—at a cost of sixteen dead and fifty-three wounded. The jeering Modocs had not lost a man. Under cover of darkness, the battered and bewildered troops withdrew, taking their wounded with them. They were too exhausted to carry off their dead.

GENERAL Canby now took personal command of the stalled campaign. First throwing a cordon of cavalry and trusted Indian scouts around the outer rim of "Jack's Stronghold," the General raised his effective fighting force to 1,000 men and ordered up a battery of mortars. Canby correctly figured that high-angle mortar fire was the tactical answer to the Modoc's skillful trench warfare—the only way they could be blasted from their holes without incurring staggering casualties. The troops were moved in for a second try when Washington ordered a halt to the fighting and instructed Canby to parley for peace with the Modoc leaders.

General Canby, who knew the heartbreak and bitterness of the outcast Modocs better than any other white man, felt that it was too late for peace talks. Captain Jack had declared that

(*Continued on page* 28)

**Immediately after the first slaughter of Modocs by the whites, a band of Modocs under Hooker Jim, left, was attacked. They retaliated with a raid that brought death to 17 settlers. Later, Hooker Jim turned traitor to save his own life. Scarface Charley, center, one of the early Modoc leaders, joined Hooker Jim and Shacknasty Jim, right, in helping the white man against the Modocs.**



**Typical News Item: "John Hackwell fussed with another miner over who was first in line at a fandango house. Services were held next day for Hackwell. Then John Rann shot Ray Costello following an argument about who was right when Hackwell was shot."**

**No wonder they call it**

# SHOOTING TOWN, U. S. A.

By BOB and JAN YOUNG

HELL hath few furies like those Bodie spawned. And no doubt the ranks of hell's harpies were swelled as Bodie's ample boothill was populated. The netherworld could have held few terrors for survivors of early-day, free-wheeling "Shooting Town, U. S. A."

There, competition for "chief" was brisk and deadly. "Canada Jack" was a case in point. Jack rode over the Lucky Boy grade from Aurora and entered his claim by pistoling a pair of harmless individuals just to see them bleed. Thereafter, when Jack swaggered down Main Street, if he'd claimed to be President Garfield none would dare to say him nay. No one, that is, until he met another hardcase who didn't step from the boardwalk as Canada Jack expected. Both drew, and in deep appreciation of their pistolry, Bodie buried the men side by side on boothill.

Despite the bloody imprint left by Bodie on California history, the boom camp's stain spread slowly, erratically. Even today, its dead, dry shell resembles a desiccated sore on the squat, barren hills 17 miles east of Leevining, on Highway 395. A hundred mummified buildings stand, a silent, wind-wrenched testimony to the glory of the Bodie that was. Oxidized ore dumps, rusting mine equipment, and a stamp mill which once danced its eccentric rigadoon in tromping out fifty millions from the baked earth, attest to the frenzy which seized both saint and sinner.

THOUGH Waterman "Bill" Body is correctly credited with the strike near where the ghost town now stands, Lt. Tom Moore of the Second Infantry started the excitement. He led a small detachment across the Sierra Nevadas in search of some recalcitrant Yosemite Indians. They didn't locate the Indians, but during a bivouac near Mono Lake a soldier panned some "color." Yet it wasn't until 1857, five years after the dust had been displayed in Mariposa, that Lee Vining saddled up for Mono. He sent back word the area showed promise, and two years later Body arrived on the scene, fortunate enough to make the bonanza strike. He was hunting, and in trying to retrieve a wounded rabbit, picked up specimens of high-grade ore.

Body didn't live to cash in, however. He perished in the winter blizzard of 1859-60, leaving only his misspelled name behind. Transition in spelling occurred when a semi-literate sign-painter inscribed a placard "Bodie Public Stables." And the name persevered.

Though Body's find sparked a minor mining boom in the Mono area, the "Esmeralda Excitement," centered around Aurora twelve miles across the Nevada state line, obscured its quality temporarily. Aurora's fabulous deposits proved only grass-roots deep, so the men who lived without work and the women who lived without shame moved towards Bodie. It was at this time, a Truckee newspaper reported a little girl, after being told she was moving to Bodie, closed her night's prayers with:

"Good-bye, God. We're going to Bodie."

But prideful Bodie maintained she had actually said: "Good! By God, we're going to Bodie."

On July 1, 1861, the Standard mine was located on Bunker Hill. Even then faith in Bodie was not abiding as the claim sold for $6,500, then later relinquished to a Negro watchman for unpaid wages. In 1874, he sold it to a pair of Scandinavians, also content to watch the mine crumble in on itself. And worthwhile watching it was. A stope caved in, exposing a gold seam. After digging $37,000 in ore within a few weeks, they cashed out for another $65,000. Under the new owners, the Standard cleared its purchase price during the first month. The promise of Bodie was being fulfilled. Adjacent to the Standard, the Bodie was located, and on this much of the camp's furious history hangs.

**These wagons hauled their share of Bodie's fortune —but the vehicle most in demand was the black-plumed, horse-drawn hearse.**

**The once-famed Miners' Union Hall now houses the town's museum.**

**One of Bodie's Madame**

**Bodie today, looking down on it from one of its former busiest spots—Boothill.**

THE BODIE, which was a tiger even among wildcat mines, shaft was driven 250 feet in the faint hopes of intersecting the vein which spewed forth millions for the Standard. A crew of fast-talking pitchmen had been selling blocks of stock on the strength of their expected success, but when the shaft failed to produce, stock values began to dip. When assessments failed even to pay operating expenses, the company began paying wages in these prettily done up stock certificates. When the stock finally settled at 25 cents a share, four dollar a day muckers were getting 96 shares a week for their work. Miners traded their paper wages for drinks (two tumblers of old popskull for each share), their lodgings, and even paid off protesting Chinese laundrymen for the week's wash.

Bodie shares were traded briskly, maintaining some value only because the camp was something of an economic vacuum and the certificates were worth what anyone would accept them for. And when a small stringer of ore was uncovered, the owners deemed it time to unload. Rumors pushed the stock to a dollar, then the wise money got out from under.

Smiles of the promoters melted into frowns, then astonishment as the stock continued to go up. It was actively bid for at $2, then $3, and still climbing. Something was wrong; but what? Secretly a mining engineer was hired to examine Bodie. After a thorough examination, he recommended the promoters buy back all the stock they could. Even at $10!

The miners, the engineer reported, had followed the thin stringer of ore until it widened into a six foot seam of rock so rich gold could be seen even in the flickering miner's candlelight. But the miners had kept the high-grade ore hidden, loading the cars only with the poorest ore to keep the secret secure from the promoters who'd so shamefully imposed upon them. By June, 1879, when the first ore was crushed, a million dollar dividend was immediately declared.

Bodie stock zoomed from 25 cents to $55 a share; shares all owned by little people. It was one time the promoters had squeezed themselves out.

Miners who had accepted wages of 96 shares now found their efforts to have been worth $5,280 a week.

Trusting bartenders had been selling their wares for $27.50 a shot.

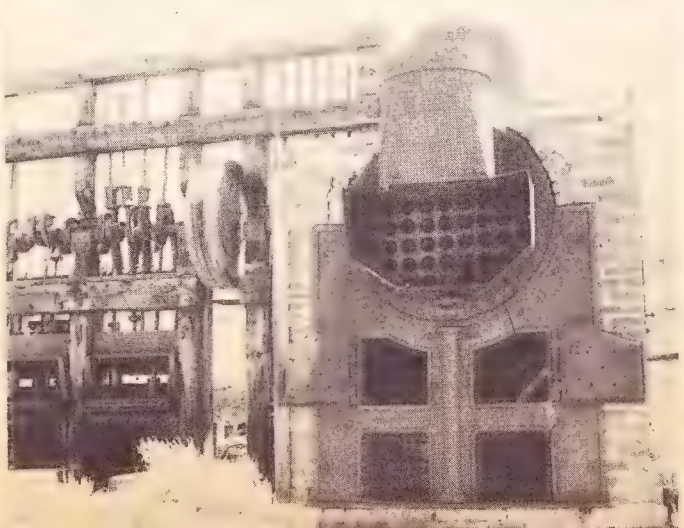
And the Chinese laundryman had been luxing out undies for about $55 a sudsing.

Golden double eagles now filled grimy hands where only muck had clung before. Five dollar coins were used for trifles, and silver dollars were scarcely worth an ante in the high stake poker games which ran night and day. Conservative Wells Fargo Express Company considered Bodie stock

(*Continued on page* 32)

famed gambling halls. The famed Moustache reputedly dealt here.

Ruins of early stamp mill and smelter on outskirts of Bodie.



The Bodie firehouse and bell tower.

# SPUR

By MAX EVANS

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

THE day Bill McDonald rode over the hill leading the Appaloosa, Slim and I were repairing the corrals. Slim was running Pete Coleman's little ranch about three miles south of Cow Springs, New Mexico. I was just a snotty-nosed, freckle-faced kid at the time.

Bill rode up and said, "Howdy, Fellers."

It made me feel right proud to be included among the "fellers." I think Slim and I both sensed something wrong when Bill first spoke.

"How's things goin', Bill?" Slim asked.

"Not so good. Little Feller, here, throwed my boy," he said, "I think his leg's busted."

"The hell you say."

"The third time this week," Bill said. "Can't understand it. The wife has gone into Santa Fe for the Doc. It's pretty bad, and we was afraid to move him till we got aholt of the Doc."

The big Appaloosa stood there as gentle as a milk cow. A man couldn't imagine he'd buck at all. According to his size, he was sure named funny. Bill's boy, Herod, started calling him Little Feller when he was a colt and the name stuck. He was especially big for this part of the country where the main horse used was the small Spanish mustang. Little Feller must've weighed around eleven fifty and was powerfully muscled. I knew that in the early days the Appaloosa was prized by Indian Chieftains, not only for his unusual markings, but because of his toughness.

"Slim," Bill said, "I've got to get on back but I sure as all hell wish you'd give this old pony a workin' over."

Slim said, "All right, Bill, I'll see what I can do," and reached for the Appaloosa's rein.

Slim kept looking Little Feller over and Bill rode off, and I heard him mumbling to himself. Then he said aloud, "Can't figger it out. That horse is four years old and he never bucked a jump all the time Herod was breaking him. But," he added, "I've seen 'em that way before. If you don't take it out of 'em quick, you've got an outlawed horse on your hands."

Slim was one of the best horse-breakers in this part of the country. You could hardly find an outfit around that didn't have a horse or two he'd tamed.

He led the Appaloosa into the corral we had been repairing. He felt around on Little Feller's back to be sure there weren't any stickers or sore spots. There weren't. Little Feller didn't even flinch when Slim threw the saddle on his back.

Then Slim stepped up on him, sure of himself, but careful just the same. He eased the pony into a trot, then gradually worked him into more speed. Around and around the corral they went. He watched closely and all the time his right hand was on the saddle horn. Slim wasn't a rodeo rider; he used that horn for what it was put on a saddle for. The sweat broke out on Little Feller, but he didn't buck at all; in fact, he hadn't even humped up.

When Slim stepped off, he said, "Saddle up Red. We're

**Little Feller had the notion that he was a bad horse, and Slim had to take a mighty rough saddle-beating to change that Appaloosa's mind.**

goin' for a ride."

RED was a sorry old sorrel horse that wasn't fit for anything except to keep around the house to wrangle the other horses on. I saddled him up.

Slim swung an arm at a deep arroyo that ran all the way to a long mesa about two miles off. He said, "Now, if Little Feller heads for that arroyo, you run in front of him and beat him across the face with your hat—anything to keep him from jumpin' in that thing."

Little Feller fox-trotted along easy like. I rode right by his side, between him and the arroyo. We covered a quarter of a mile without seeing anything of interest but a lizard that raced about looking for shade.

Then it happened. A ragged patch of air was expelled from Little Feller's insides. He snorted and went from me about four long, ground-pounding jumps, then sucked back. I knew then this was the way he had thrown Herod McDonald. But Slim was ready and though I could see the strain in his face and arms he stayed put.

Little Feller got mad then. He bellered like a bull buffalo and ran nearly over the top of the sorrel and me. I was scared half to death but managed to spur old Red in front of him, cutting away from the arroyo.

Every time Little Feller went up, he bellered. Every time his feet hit, the ground shook and he left deep tracks in the earth. And every time Slim's head was snapped back and all his bones absorbed the shock, but he was still on.

He hadn't a chance to spur much at first, but now he had the rhythm of the horse, so he bogged it to Little Feller. A small patch of hair went into the wind every time one of Slim's heavy spurs hit. Then, just as suddenly as Little Feller had started, he quit.

I rode up, proud of Slim, and said, "You've got him whipped. I bet he don't never buck again."

# TALK

"Hell," Slim said, "He's just gettin' warmed up."

Slim was sure right. We had ridden maybe another hundred yards when the old devil jumped into a dead run. Just as he reached his peak of speed, he bogged his head and went straight up. I could hear the *whoomp* of his belly and guts as he came down. Slim's hat went off. I knew then things were tough. I'd seen Slim pull that hat right down over his ears when we left the corral.

Little Feller bucked straight ahead with those high power-driven jumps. Then he bucked back again, but in a different direction than before. Slim almost lost a stirrup but managed to pull back with the Appaloosa. Again Little Feller stopped as suddenly as he'd started.

Slim yelled for me to get his hat. He stepped off to tighten the cinch. A lot of lard had already melted under that horse's tough hide, and I could see quite a bit of daylight between his belly and the leather flank strap.

SLIM didn't waste any time. He jerked his hat down even further on his head and climbed back aboard. I couldn't make myself believe that Little Feller could go on with it any longer, but I didn't say anything. I knew Slim wasn't in the best of spirit at the time.

Little Feller stumbled along until he reared right straight up in the air. If Slim hadn't yelled like a wild Comanche and whopped him over the head with his open hand, I figure Little Feller would have fallen back on top of him.

When the horse's front feet hit dirt again, Slim had his hand back on the saddle horn. Don't think for one minute that he was ashamed of 'pullin' leather'. A working cowboy doesn't like to walk home when he's miles out in the pastures. He learns damn quick to stay on anyway he can.

Little Feller started kicking back with his hind legs, just as his front dug into the ground. A back-kicker is one of the meanest buckers in the world to ride. While Slim's body would follow the forward motion, the back kick would catch him right in the middle of it and wrench him hard the other way. Slim's face was white as death. I could see the leaders in his neck standing out and the muscles knotted where his jaws were clamped together. Then, just as we rounded the mesa point, I saw the blood stream from Slim's nose. I wanted, worse than anything else in the world, to yell to him to quit. But I had been taught to keep my mouth shut on such matters, so I didn't say a word.

Little Feller got within six inches of a fence that Slim had told me to watch. He turned back, more from Slim's heavy spur in his neck than he did from Red and me. When he stopped this time, I could see that he was mighty tired. He stood with his head down, legs apart and his lather-covered sides worked in and out as his lungs pulled for more air. Slim sat up on him, as if he didn't know that the blood had circled around the corners of his mouth and was oozing down under his chin. His shirt was sprayed with red splatters.

I couldn't imagine, even then, that a horse could buck that far and that hard or that a cowboy could stay on his back that long and live—but there they were. At the time, I was sure of only one thing—I knew Slim was going to get killed. It had boiled down to some sort of personal battle between the man and the horse.

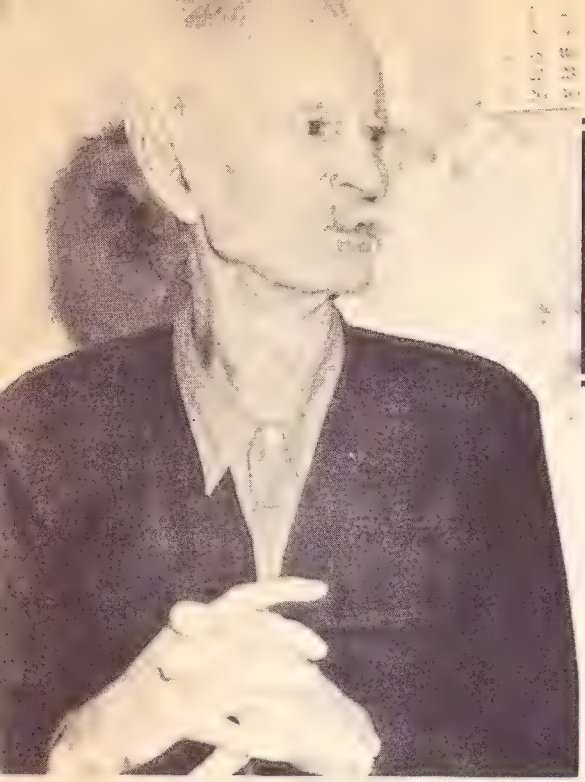
Without saying a word, Slim reached out and raked the rowels of his spurs from high in the neck right back to the flanks. They left a track all the way. Little Feller answered with a sideways jump. He bucked slowly, but just as hard as he had in the beginning. Slim never stopped the music of his spurs. They seemed to me as if they were separate from his tired body.

WE were at a gate when this session ended. I could see now that blood was coming out of the corners of Slim's mouth, as well as his nose. They stood there a long time. I started to get down to open the gate, but Slim said, "No, I'll get it." I really don't know why he wanted to open the gate, unless it was just to show that Appaloosa that he could still walk.

He wobbled on his boot heels and Little Feller moved stiff-legged through the gate. His shoulders were marked

(*Continued on page* 35)

**Seventeen years after his killing ride on the Appaloosa, Slim Evans still wears the spurs he used on the spotted devil. Here he is shown with Shiner, registered quarter horse which he trained.**



J. B. Warden, the man who saw them kill Sam Bass.

# "I Saw Them Kill

By HART STILWELL

**"Did George Harrell kill Sam Bass? How could every window or door. How could anybody know**

**An old-time Texan, still living, tells how Round outlaw.**

THE Texas Rangers knew Sam Bass was going to rob the bank at Round Rock, which is only eighteen miles from Austin, capital of the Lone Star State. They knew when he was going to rob it. Jim Murphy, a member of Sam Bass & Co., had turned informer and told them.

But what the devil could the Rangers do about it?

There were only a few Rangers in Austin, and the Ranger Service didn't dare send them out. They were there to guard The state treasury, and they were guarding it day and night. Who could guarantee that Sam Bass & Co., wouldn't move in and rob the state treasury? And if they did, why the Texas Rangers would simply be laughed out of existence.

Already Sam Bass had made a monkey out of a whole army of law officers, gathered more than a hundred strong in Dallas, where they got in each other's way. Already public sentiment was swinging toward the colorful train robber. And if he robbed the state treasury and made the Rangers look like a bunch of dubs—well, the Rangers just couldn't take a chance.

So while Major B. Jones and two of his Rangers, Dick Ware and George Harrell, hurried to Round Rock and got there in time, a company of Rangers sent out from San Saba on a desperate horseback dash across country failed to get there in time.

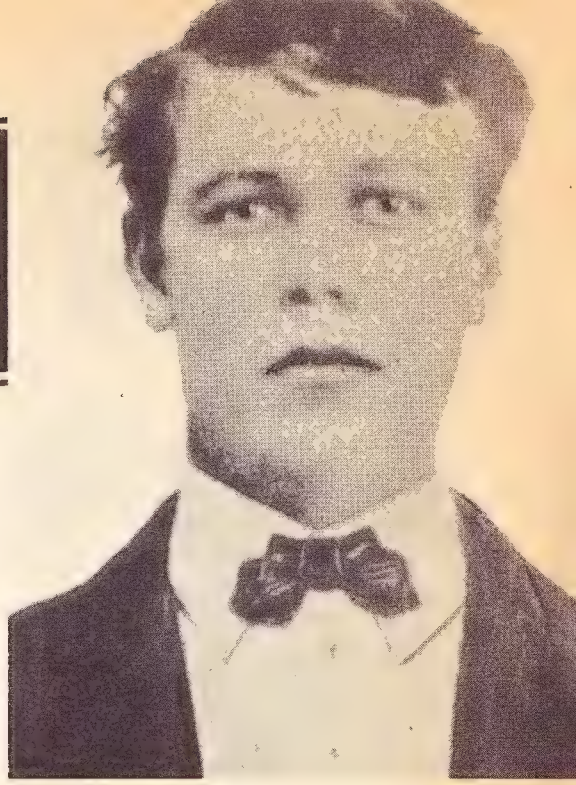
Sam Bass moved into Round Rock, just as Jim Murphy had said he would. The noted outlaw moved out of Round Rock. But he didn't move far. For when he moved out he carried in his body the bullets that brought death the **next day,** thus ending the career of the most widely-known of all Texas Bad Men.

At the time this photo was taken, the subjects were just good old cowboys. Sam always referred to this photo as "Taken at Old Man A. G. Collin's home." Bass standing at right. Joe and Joel Collins, seated. J. E. Gardnew standing at left.

The grave of Sam Bass, at Round Rock, Texas, as it appeared in 1926.

# SAM BASS"

Photos from Frontier Pix



Sam Bass at the age of sixteen. Photo was taken in Indiana, before he came to Texas.

**anybody tell? Everybody in town was shooting from who killed Sam Bass?"**

**Rock citizens wounded to death Texas' most famous**

Exactly what happened in Round Rock that day, on July 21, 1878, has never been "riddled out" to the satisfaction of all concerned. Historians still disagree. Officially, the honor of killing Sam Bass—and of collecting the reward—went to Texas Ranger George Harrell.

But there is living today a man who saw it all. His story is different.

"Did George Harrell kill Sam Bass?"

"How could anybody tell?" he comes back. "Everybody in town was shooting from every window or door in town. How could anybody know who killed Sam Bass?"

That old-timer who saw the killing of Texas's most notorious Bad Man is J. B. Warden. He still lives where he was living then, in the little town of Burnet, sixty miles northwest of Austin. He is eighty-six years old now and blind. But his mind is clear, his memory good.

He tells the story of Sam Bass.

I was just a boy of ten then," the old-timer says. "My father had been in Austin to get supplies and I rode along. We were on our way home and we stopped at Round Rock. In those days the best road from Austin to Burnet was by way of Round Rock—not so many hills.

"My father got to Round Rock just in time to hear a lot of excited talk—word had got around that Sam Bass and his gang were going to rob the bank in the town, and that Rangers were on the way but hadn't got there.

"The men with Sam Bass were Frank Jackson, Seaborn Barnes, and Jim Murphy. Murphy had turned traitor, but, of course, the people didn't know that. My Dad and I went into a store, and my Dad was talking to the storekeeper, when he pointed across the street at four men walking along and said, 'There goes them bank robbers now.'

"I was young and curious and I walked to the door to get a good look at the gang. They stopped and two of them, Sam Bass and one of his men, walked into a store. Then a deputy sheriff, a man named Grimes, I found out later, and another man, Morris Moore, walked into the store, too.

"Deputy Grimes put his hand on Sam Bass' shoulder. I couldn't tell what he said, but I was told afterward he asked Sam Bass if he was armed. Sam Bass was armed, all right—he jerked out his gun and sent a fatal bullet into Grimes right there. And he also shot Moore through the chest, but Moore lived.

"Before Grimes died, he shot once, hitting Bass in the hand. But Bass and the other outlaw made a run for their horses, tied across the street. By that time Murphy had slipped away from the band of outlaws.

"The shooting started then. Bullets were coming from windows and doors, and Bass and his two men were shooting back. Seaborn Barnes, that was the outlaw with Bass in the store, was killed before he got to his horse. But Bass got to his and Jackson helped him up. Then they took off, with Jackson reaching out and holding Bass steady on his horse. Bass had been hit bad.

"They rode out of town, and in just a few minutes a whole lot of people were riding out after them—almost every man in the town."

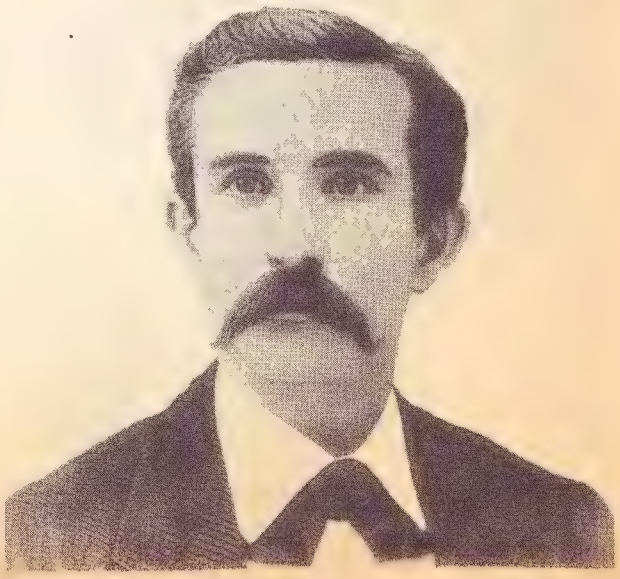
WHO killed Sam Bass?

J. B. Warden says nobody will ever know. The air was zipping and zinging with bullets—everybody was shooting.

Most historians are inclined to take the official version. Accordng to this version, Major Jones was at the telegraph office when the shooting started. His two Rangers, Harrell and Ware, were in hiding, waiting for the bandits. Harrell and Ware stepped out into the street and began shooting just as Bass and Barnes came out of the store. The official version says Harrell fired the shot that brought death, the next day, to the outlaw.

(*Continued on page* 38)

**Jno. B. Jones, Major of Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers, established 1874. Capt. J. B. Gillett, who furnished this photo, said at the time: "Prof. W. P. Webb's book TEXAS RANGERS has the best and most reliable data on frontier defense, and Major Jones' service."**



A True West Classic

# The HONOR of OLD THUNDER

**The watched stars had fallen. Manitou had decided. And the broken heart of the old Indian policeman lay upon the ground.**

By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

LIKE the uneasy moanings of a restless spirit, the North wind swept down the long draw that led from the burial ground of the Assiniboines. Bits of faded cloth, the Indian ghost flags, tied here and there to the bare limbs of the buck-brush, to ward off evil spirits from the dead, fluttered uneasily in the wind, as if stirred by the passing of unseen hurrying things.

High above, on the barren, wind-swept knoll, tall poles supported rude platforms which held the blanket-wrapped bones of the dead. The poles stretched upward like long, ill-shapen, fleshless arms that strove to hold the lifeless bodies from the reach of a lean-flanked wolf that prowled restlessly about.

Slowly, silently, their blankets pulled protectingly across their frost-blackened faces, rode Takes the Shield and his son, Spirit Boy. Into the teeth of the bitter wind that caused their mounts to travel with heads lowered till their frost-whitened muzzles touched the crust of the frozen drifts, the two Indians urged their mounts up the draw that led to the burial ground.

Takes the Shield, his pony wearily breaking trail through the heavy drifts, rode in the lead. He rode bareback, his long-barreled rifle in its heavily-beaded scabbard lying across his pony's withers. A wide belt, decorated with brightly colored porcupine quills, encircled his middle, holding together the folds of the Hudson Bay blanket that covered him. To the belt was fastened a large knife scabbard from which protruded the black hilt of his skinning knife. On his feet he wore neatly-fitting moccasins.

Behind his father rode Spirit Boy. Now and then a fierce gust of wind whipped aside the blanket of the younger Indian, revealing a ghastly wound midway between knee and hip, the blood from which had congealed and frozen in a crimson blotch on his white buckskin leggings.

The dark face of Spirit Boy, half hidden behind the folds of his blanket, was drawn with pain, but he made no sound. Never did his half-closed eyes waver from the white blanket of his father who rode before him.

The older man, with only his eyes visible above the edge of his closely drawn blanket, looked neither to right nor left, nor backwards toward his wounded son. His gaze was fixed on one spot. A grave at the crest of the wind-swept knoll.

AS the two Indians reached the top, the knife-like wind caused their ponies to whirl suddenly, turning their rumps to the wind's unbearable, stinging force.

Takes the Shield slipped stiffly to the ground. In silence he made his way through the blinding swirl of dry snow to the grave that had held his gaze throughout the torturous ride up the draw. For a time his numbed fingers fumbled at something inside his belt. The blanket fell unheeded from his shoulders, and the wind wrapped it about his legs. The gale was now tearing at the buttons of his buckskin shirt and whipping his long braids of coarse hair, but he paid no heed. High above his head, tightly clutched in his lean hands, he held that which he had taken from his belt. It was a scalp, to the short, light-colored hair of which still clung drops of fresh, frozen blood. The scalp of a white man.

Thus stood Takes the Shield, speaking in a high pitched, chanting voice to the blanket-covered corpse on the platform above him.

"Little daughter," he spoke, "who many moons ago departed from the tepee of your father. For many sleeps the heart of your old father has been as heavy as the rocks beneath the snow. But today the Manitou has made his medicine strong. Today he gave Takes the Shield the eye of the eagle and the ears of the fox. He saw the white man who has brought sorrow and death to his daughter. He heard him boast of the love of the daughter of Takes the Shield, who killed herself rather than bear his child.

"Then into the arm of Takes the Shield, the Manitou put the strength of the bear that he might strike. Long did I and your brother, Spirit Boy, torture this man of the pale face and heart of the little bird. Till he told what my daughter would not tell.

"No longer is the heart of Takes the Shield on the ground, for he has brought you the scalp of the white man to take with you into the Land of the Spirits."

Takes the Shield mounted, and once more his pony broke trail through the crusted snow. The Indians now rode westward, towards the pine-dotted hills of the Little Rockies.

A gray, furtive shadow slipped among the graves of the Assiniboines, and the long drawn howl of a wolf lost itself in the rush of the wind.

THE ante-room adjoining the office of the Indian Agent held but one article of furniture—a long pine bench, worn smooth by the friction of countless overall and buckskin-clad limbs. In this room the Indians awaiting an audience with the Wach-pachta, or Agent, were wont to sit and smoke, until the representative of the Great White Father at Washington was ready to receive them.

The first shadow of a November twilight was darkening the lead-colored sky. The bench held but one occupant—Old Thunder, Indian Policeman. Carefully the old Indian held the wet sole of a moccasined foot close to the whitened, unpolished barrel of a huge sheet iron stove in the center of the room. The faint odor of steaming buckskin mingled with the pungent fumes of *kinni-kinnik* that came from the policeman's long stemmed pipe.

The threadbare coat tightly buttoned across the broad chest of the old Indian was carefully brushed. Here and there the weakened seams had been reinforced by stout stitches, the expert handiwork of his squaw. The brass buttons down the front were painstakingly polished.

A look of pride lightened the face of Old Thunder as his dark eyes rested lovingly on the row of brass buttons. Quite just, that pride might well be, for the record of Old Thunder was as untarnished as the row of bright buttons, as spotless as was the threadbare coat.

From the smoke grimed lodges of the Agency Indians, to the scattered wickiups that lay hidden among the scrub-pines of the Little Rockies at the far end of the Fort Belknap Reservation, the name of Old Thunder was honored and respected. In the medicine lodges and by council fires the honor and bravery of the old policeman was spoken of with pride. Toothless old squaws, stringing their beads in the firelight, babbled much of the brave deeds of Old Thunder who had discarded his eagle feathers to don the blue coat of the white man's law.

For time was when Old Thunder, Indian Policeman, had been Old Thunder, Assiniboine Chief and Warrior, and had fearlessly led his painted, yelling braves against the hard shooting soldiers of the government he now served.

THE outer door swung open abruptly, admitting a cold blast of air and the squat figure of a man, swarthy of feature, clad in a moth-eaten coonskin coat and black angora chaps.

"How!" He greeted the policeman, as he tugged with numbed fingers at strings fastening the taps of his muskrat cap. "Where is the Agent?" he asked in Assiniboine.

There was little love in the heart of the old Indian for half breeds in general, and for Joe La Plunt, the clerk of the sub-agency store at Lodge Pole, Old Thunder's dislike was akin to hatred. In the old policeman's book of memories was recorded a page not easily forgotten.

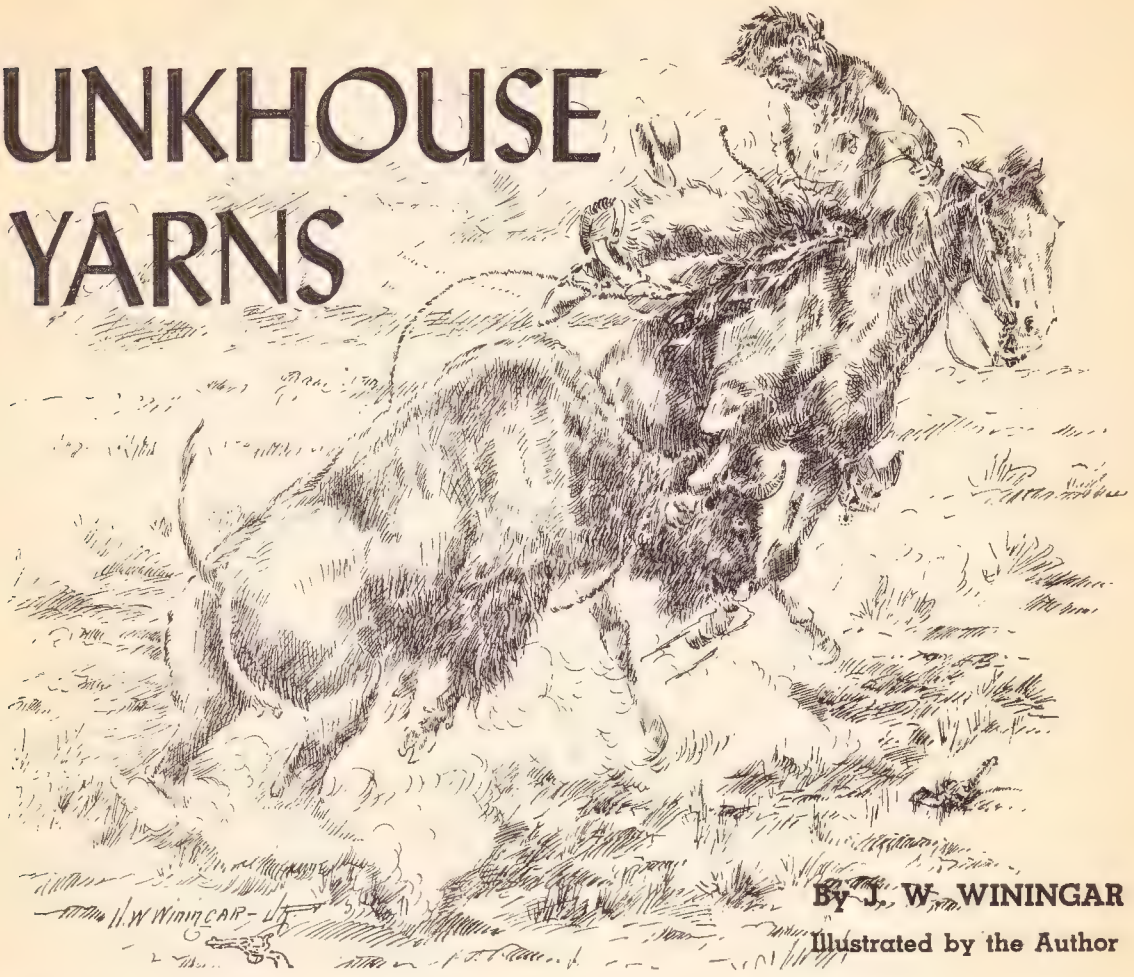
The clerk whose position La Plunt had taken, following the former's transfer, had been a white man, white of hair and kindly of heart. This white man, in his dealings with all the old Indians, was generous, his kindness ofttimes savoring of charity. He had always kept a caddy of tobacco on the long counter, from which Old Thunder and other old men had been in the habit of helping themselves. Not so, Joe La Plunt. He called the old Indians beggars and saw to it they paid for what they got.

(*Continued on page* 34)

**Into the teeth of a bitter wind they rode up the trail that led to the burial ground.**

**Many were true, some were legends, and a goodly number were just plain out tall tales—nevertheless, an important part of a cowboy's way of life were his**

# BUNKHOUSE YARNS



By J. W. WININGAR

Illustrated by the Author

**"Next thing Johnny knows, this cow's got her head under his hoss and is lifting Johnny, hoss and all, clear of the ground."**

IT'S a cold winter night. Some of us cowpunchers is setting around the big pot-bellied stove in the bunkhouse of the old 41 Ranch. We're swapping some yarns.

"Speaking of good ropers," Hugh Drake says. "I'm reminded of a feller I used to know. Johnny Greub was his name. Lived down on Crazy Woman Creek. Reckon some of you boys knowed him. He gets crippled up some years back and never was able to do any riding after that; but when he was younger, he could purty near put his loop any place he took a notion.

"One time Johnny ropes a buffalo, just to see if his new rawhide lariat will hold. It does.

"Johnny's riding for an outfit that operates along the Powder River at the time. It's in the early eighties, and there's still a few buffalo running in them parts. He's coming up over a little rise of ground and spots two old shaggy cows at a water hole. By staying down in the bottom of a draw he can get pretty close. He's itching to try out that new rawhide. When he gets as near as he can without them seeing him, he builds him a loop and comes up on 'em sudden.

"Anybody who's seen buffalo knows they can run. The minute these old cows lay eyes on Johnny, they're for changing their range. They stick their tails straight up and head for new grazing grounds.

"But Johnny's riding a good hoss. He finally gets up in roping distance and drops a loop over a cow's head. Flipping his slack around her hips, Johnny takes his hoss off to the left.

"But do you reckon he busted her? Don't ever think it. She spins in that rope like a top and lands back on her feet. Before she can get her mind to working, Johnny gives her another jolt. She don't go down this time either, and now she's on the warpath, and Johnny can't get far enough away from her again to try for a third throwing.

"In the course of the battle, the rope gets under Johnny's six-shooter, jerking it out of the holster. Now, he's really up against it. He tries to get the rope loose from his saddle horn, but she's drawed tight. And now that cow is making passes at his hoss.

"Next thing Johnny knows, this cow's got her head under his hoss and is lifting Johnny, hoss and all, clear of the ground.

"It's then that Johnny starts fishing for his pocket knife. When she finally comes out from under his hoss, Johnny cut the rope and is damn glad to get rid of the whole outfit. Only, of course, he's mighty sorry to lose that new rawhide lariat, now that he knows it'll hold.

THIS experience don't break Johnny from roping, though. It's along sometime the next fall when he ropes this lion.

Johnny is down south of the Powder, on Wall Creek, this time. He comes up on this lion that's eating on a colt. The draw they're in is a brushy one, and Mr. Cat slips away, aiming to hide. Johnny smokes him out of the sage with a couple of shots from his six-shooter. Mr. Cat heads for distant parts, but can't run very fast, being loaded with meat. T'ain't long till Johnny's rode up and got action with his rope. He drops his twine over Mr. Cat's head.

"Did any of you fellers ever rope a lion? I never did, and from what Johnny tells me, I won't. The minute his rope tightens, Mr. Cat starts to yowl and spit, and Johnny's horse falls to pieces. Every time the hoss hits the end of his rope, Mr. Cat sails thru the air, but always lands on his feet.

(*Continued on page* 40)

# PLAINSMAN IN A HURRY

**In a few minutes Aubrey had $5,000 bet against him—that he couldn't make it from Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri, in eight days.**

By ROGER SHELDON

Illustrated by Al. M. Napoletano

**He won $10,000 by making the fastest horseback ride in history—800 miles in five days and nineteen hours.**

THE freighters within earshot laughed loudly when Frank Aubrey first boasted that he could make it to Independence, Missouri, in eight days.

But when they saw he was serious about it, they stumbled all over each other to lay bets. In no time at all, Aubrey had put up $5,000 of his own money to cover them.

The reason why there were so many takers was easy to see. The Santa Fe Trail in 1851 was no superhighway. In those early days, the Trail was mud, dust, Indians, work, and trouble —all rolled into one long 800-mile journey.

Besides, Francis X. Aubrey, in spite of his two or three years experience freighting on the Trail, was an Easterner. No man, especially a man like that, could average a hundred miles a day across that kind of country in 1851—or even a hundred years later—riding a horse.

There were some in Santa Fe who thought he might be able to do it, however. The question grew so heated that soon the whole town knew of the wager.

As matters finally shaped up, Aubrey was to start out on his own horse, with liberty to buy such horses as he might need on the way, remounting himself as often as he had a chance, and be at the stage station in Independence within eight days.

And so it was that Aubrey mounted his thoroughbred before daylight one morning and set out for San Miguel and the Pecos River, the first milestones on the hazardous trail. His horse had unusual speed and a deep girth and its stride was good. A crowd of onlookers wished him well as he started up the trail. Some old freighters scratched their heads, however, and predicted tragic consequences for the rider now fading into the distant hills. They well knew what eight days on the Trail meant.

Most of them only made one round trip a year between Independence and Santa Fe. More than that meant too many Indians, too much snow, and too much mud and thunder. The Trail was 800 miles of fording streams, following faint wagon ruts, dodging Indians and struggling against the elements. The oxen were steady, but they were slow.

IN THE late 1840's the energetic New Yorker, Frank Aubrey, had first turned up in Independence. He had bought the necessary wagons and oxen, hired his drivers, and started into business as a freighter. From the very beginning, his actions had caused the old timers to take notice.

He began to make two round trips a year to Santa Fe to their one. Starting out from Missouri early in the spring, he completed his second round trip late in the fall before the first snow.

Aubrey began to amass a great deal of money and, although he aroused several intense rivalries with competing freighters, he was pretty generally liked and became a leader among the wagon owners.

But now the gent had gone loco, riding off into the unknown with the cocksureness of a Western gambler. Some were certain that they'd never see Aubrey again.

But the next time his wagons pulled into the adobe settlement of Santa Fe, there was Aubrey at the head of the column. He had won his wager, with time to spare! And now he had returned for the spoils.

His disgruntled bet takers were waiting for him. They said he couldn't do it again.

Poor losers, Aubrey replied. Why he could make the same trip in six days!

Once again, the men scrambled to lay bets, and again Aubrey took them up. The freighters who had lost $5,000 already managed to make a $10,000 wager with the confident Aubrey, this time. That made the ride worthwhile to Aubrey.

It was the best time of year for traveling. There were no rains. The grass was good, and the trail was hard. Aubrey had the same remount liberty, but he was not allowed to arrange relays or post horses in advance along the trail. He had no time to make such arrangements, anyway.

HE started out from Santa Fe on a June evening. It was Sunday, and the devout Mexican onlookers argued among themselves as to the success of the daring rider who rode forth on a holy day. All he had with him was a little dried beef. He expected to get food at stage stations along the trail.

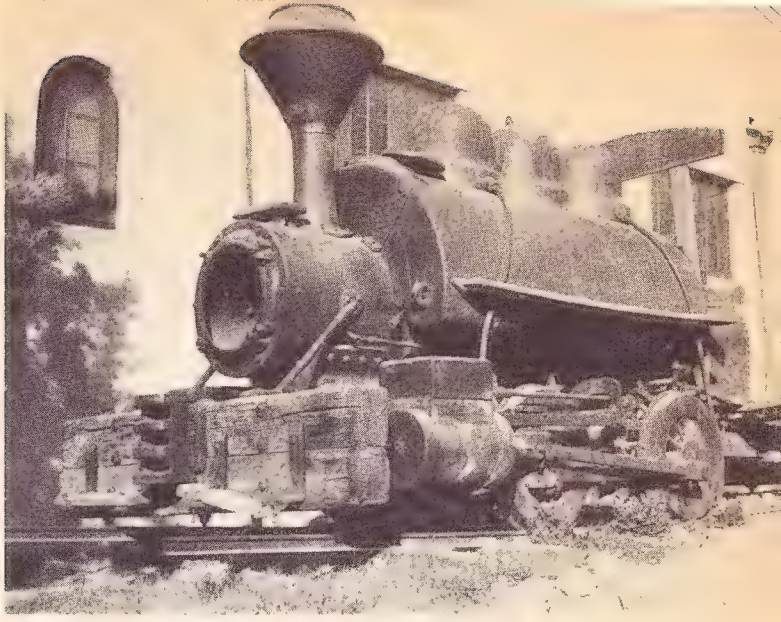
Across the arid, high plains of New Mexico he rode. The nights were cold, even in summer, but as he rode onward the sky was a broad and lighted arena of stars.

From lush prairie he moved into the short grass country, skirting the Cimarron's sandy banks down to Cimarron Crossing. Within sight of the river, a roving band of Indians appeared and gave chase. But Aubrey's horse was still strong enough to outdistance them.

(*Continued on page* 44)

KEITH
EDWARD
'54

# WAR PAINT FOR LITTLE EMMA



Little Emma, first mining locomotive of the Arizona Territory, as she is today—on a section of her original track, in front of the Arizona Museum, Phoenix. Throttled by Henry Arbuckle, the pint-sized engine, with 12 loaded ore cars, rammed into an Apache raiding party and saved the town of Clifton, Arizona—the only recorded account of a mining train to defeat a band of Indians!

By REX STANLEY

Illustrated by Keith Soward

IT WAS in a Fourth of July crap game, in 1882, in the gold-crazy town of Pueblo, Colorado, that engineer Henry Arbuckle first met "Little Emma"—a runty, narrow-gauge locomotive.

Big, broad-shouldered Arbuckle had bet $1,500 and a fancy watch against the rusty little mining engine, rolled a natural, and won four and a half tons of apparently worthless iron. But Arbuckle, from the coal fields of West Virginia, knew locomotives and how much "Little Emma" might mean in the right camp.

The West was tough and deadly, but fortunes were being found in the hard, unknown ground of new frontiers. And down in the Arizona Territory, men were digging rich copper ore by the mountain-load. Arbuckle took the little locomotive apart, bundled her thousands of pieces into a long mule packtrain, then herded them 800 miles over rough trails to Clifton, Arizona.

There, in the heart of the cut-throat Apache country, the engineer reassembled Little Emma, and began hauling ore for the Lezensky copper mines. It was Arizona's first mining railroad, and destined to roll up some roaring history.

It started when word went through town that the superintendent had left his safe and comfortable office in New York, and would arrive in Clifton for an inspection of the company's mine and smelters. The furnace foreman announced the coming tour and added a blast of orders for his crews.

"Even though tomorrow is Sunday, we're going to be workin' when he gets here!" This was pounded into the foreman's rough pine desk. Then, he turned to Arbuckle.

(*Continued on page* 36)

The engine and twelve loaded ore cars hit the Indian war party, smashing through the mass of yelling humanity and fear-crazed horses.

Dallas Stoudenmire, City Marshal of El Paso, Texas in 1881.—Frontier Pix.

**When Dallas Stoudenmire signed on as marshal one of three things—leave, get shot, or gun mire proved to be quite a job—as many a cross**

# TWO-GUN

By EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

WHEN Dallas Stoudenmire walked into the saloon, silence dropped like a blanket. The drinkers along the bar stopped talking with the bartenders and with each other. Openly or furtively, according to their consciences, they looked at the huge, blonde six-footer, with his small, deep-set steel-hard blue eyes, and the chin that was like a roughhewn oak block under a drooping yellow mustache. All of El Paso knew Stoudenmire; had known of his coming almost as quickly as Mayor Magoffin and the city fathers had decided to find a new marshal, a heavy-handed marshal—one who had filed off his front sight and thrown his spurs away.

So they watched curiously while Stoudenmire walked down the saloon on his first official round of the town. But if the huge, grim-faced marshal noticed the curiosity he roused among men of the hardest town of the Southwest in that year of '81, he gave no sign of it. He walked deliberately to where Bill Johnson, marshal pro tem, was sitting with booted legs upon a table, a bottle and glass close to his hand, humming dismally.

"I'm Dallas Stoudenmire. Just reported to the mayor. Told him I was ready to take hold. He said you had the calaboose keys. Told him I'd get them from you."

Johnson lifted bleary eyes to the big man, who stood with head a little to one side, squinting against the smoke of his cigar, looking down at him, very much like a waiting bulldog.

"Never knew an outsider was going to kick my feet out from under me," Johnson grumbled. "They made me marshal when Campbell quit the job. It ain't fair, the way they're treating me — — —"

"Tell the mayor about it. I'm just the marshal. I come to get the keys. Hand em over!"

"Well, I don't know about that" — — — Johnson's tone was like a querulous old woman's whine — — — "and it looks to me like — — —"

Stoudenmire dropped a big hand to Johnson's shoulder. He picked him bodily up from the chair. He shook him until the ex-marshal's head snapped back and forth and his teeth chattered. He took the keys from Johnson's pocket and put him down in the chair again. His expression never changed. When he turned away, it was as if he didn't know that Johnson wore a Colt. But halfway to the door, he turned.

"That resigns you, too," he said evenly. "Same as Campbell."

"Y'know — — —" It was a burly railroad man, leaning with both elbows behind him on the bar, shaking his head slowly. "Y'know, I believe that feller's the new marshal — — — like he says."

THE new, the American-style, El Paso had been "born" in 1881. When in that year four railroads shoved toward the Pass City, all the West seemed to realize that this sleepy 'dobe hamlet on the shallow Rio Grande, was destined for great things.

"Bankers and merchants, capitalists and real estate dealers, cattlemen, miners, railroad men, gamblers, saloonkeepers, jackals of the sporting life—they flocked into El Paso. They came horseback, afoot, in stages, in prairie schooners and buggies and spring wagons!" says Captain Jim Gillett reminiscently. "El Paso Street, the town's only business thoroughfare, was like the midway at a world's fair. Every other place of business, it seemed, was a saloon. Gaming went on in almost every one of the saloons. Men lined up three and four deep around the roulette and faro tables. It was the roughest, wildest town in the West, at about that time!"

With the boom, the dusty civic machinery was oiled up. The aldermen appointed George Campbell marshal, or chief of police. They gave him Bill Johnson, outstanding drunkard of the community, for his deputy. Campbell was a close friend of such saloon-keeper-gamblers as the Manning Brothers, Jim, Frank and Dr. G. F. He found himself handicapped in making arrests, by this thickness with the sporting crowd. The upshot was a row with the city council. Campbell wanted more money and the council fired him.

Bill Johnson was appointed marshal. But Campbell's friends wanted him in the office of chief of police. They decided to stage a shooting-up of the town which would show the authorities and the town's respectables that only Campbell was capable of policing El Paso. Well, they shot her up as perhaps no town in the West was ever shot up. Windows were smashed and doors and walls were bullet-riddled. Townsmen galloped for shelter. The next dawn showed a badly skinned, thoroughly alarmed, community. The schemers grinned contentedly.

But the trouble was, they had done their job too well! Mayor Magoffin sent down the Valley to Ysleta. C Company of the Texas Rangers was there. Magoffin asked for rangers. Captain Baylor sent up Corporal Jim Fitch and five privates.

**of a town, the lawless element had to do down the marshal. Gunning down Stoudenin Southwest boothills will testify.**

Senate Saloon, El Paso, Texas, 1881. Reading from left to right: Harry Mathews; Deputy Marshal J. B. Gillett; Geo. Speck, proprietor, and two bartenders.—Frontier Pix.

# MARSHAL

Drawing by B. D. Titsworth

Fresh from fighting Apaches, trailing murderers and horse thieves. softening bad men, Fitch and his detachment looked upon this job of policing El Paso as sort of vacation. Texas is one place where a home-raised prophet is with honor—if he prophesy with the tongue of a Texas ranger! These bronzed and level-eyed young men merely walked El Paso streets looking thoughtfully at events and men. The result was a terrific quiet.

But ranger intervention was only temporary. Mayor Magoffin about this moment received a letter from one Dallas Stoudenmire, temporarily resident in New Mexico. He heard that El Paso needed a marshal, Stoudenmire wrote. By an odd coincidence, a marshal, himself, needed El Paso. Magoffin invited him to come on.

WHEN the stage rolled down what is now Overland Street and dropped huge Stoudenmire and his smaller brother-in-law, "Doc" Cummins, the town looked very curiously at them both. It was then only a matter of minutes until Stoudenmire had met Magoffin and the city council and walked to find Johnson.

A brief history of the new marshal appeared in the next day's papers.

Born in Abafoil, Mason County, Alabama, he had served during the Civil War with the 57th Cavalry and 33rd Alabama Regiment. Wounded four times. Surrendered with Joe E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. Moved to Colorado County, Texas. Served in Captain Waller's B Company of the Texas Rangers.

El Paso found the new marshal's record not half so impressive as the bulk, the bulldog presence, of the man himself. He moved around, getting acquainted with town and townsmen. Doc Cummins opened up the Globe Restaurant, finest place of its kind in the Southwest. Stoudenmire grasped the details of his job very swiftly. In one sense, the geographical, there wasn't a lot to know about El Paso at that time. San Antonio Street, running east and west, was the staff of a T; El Paso Street, running north and south, was the top bar of the T.

But the people offered problems galore! They were in layers, so to say. First, the native Mexican population; next, the first American settlers of pre-Civil War day; then the vast majority of the population, brought in on the wave of the boom.

The Mannings were perhaps the most influential men in town. They operated two places—a saloon on the site of the present Hotel Paso del Norte, and the Coliseum Variety Theatre farther south on the same side of El Paso Street.

Jack Doyle had another variety theatre, but it was considerably smaller than the Coliseum. Men and women both "made the town" by night. The "voice of El Paso" could be heard for a half-mile in any direction, a blending into one indescribable mutter of the voices of hundreds and hundreds of people, the scuff of their moving feet, the tinny clamor of dance hall and variety theatre pianos, for swift high note to this undertone the shrill yell of a cowboy, or the staccato rap-rap-rap of pistol shots.

STOUDENMIRE had been behind the badge but a little while when a detachment of rangers went up the Rio Grande twelve miles, to a point near Canutillo. Word had come to Captain Baylor that the bodies of two Mexican youths lay there in the brush. The rangers found the corpses and brought them back to El Paso. Preparations were made for an inquest in an empty 'dobe store on El Paso Street, near the southwest corner of San Francisco Street.

Rumor had it that these were Mexicans of Chihuahua across the Rio Grande; that they had followed straying cattle's tracks to the Texas side and, in the thick tornillo brush near the little ranch of the Manning Brothers up there, had been murdered. Some suspicion began to attach to Johnnie Hale, the Mannings' foreman. The rangers' investigation had led them to suspect Hale and one Len Peterson of the double murder.

That inquest was a free show for El Paso. The 'dobe store was packed with townsmen. The parents of the dead youths were there, with friends. Ex-marshals George Campbell and Bill Johnson were spectators. Marshal Stoudenmire and the rangers attended in their official capacity. Johnnie Hale had been summoned and as employee of the Manning brothers, he had naturally a great many friends, who came to bear him company.

Gus Krempkau from San Antonio, former ranger from Baylor's C Company, now deputy sheriff of a neighboring county, was chosen as interpreter. The inquest dragged along until noon. Johnnie Hale's scowl and pursed mouth showed increasing lack of pleasure in listening to the trend of the testimony. Noon-recess was announced. Actors and audience in the play filed into the street. The rangers had to cook their dinner. They hurried off toward their quarters. But around the door of the inquest room a crowd lingered. Almost every one knew every one else—first essential to thorough enjoyment of any trial or inquest!

Gus Krempkau, coming late out of the door, moving toward his dinner, was confronted by Johnnie Hale.

(*Continued on page* 42)

"I'm Dallas Stoudenmire. Just reported to the Mayor. Told him I would get the calaboose keys from you."

**Afoot, and astride a mule, Major John Owen traveled more than 23,000 miles to establish and maintain one of the first trading posts in the great Northwest.**

# The Oregon via

IN over 23,000 miles of travel over the old Oregon Country, most of it on foot or "on the hurricane deck of a mule," to use the speech of his day, Major John Owen probably wore out more moccasins and saddle leather than any other man in the 1850s and 1860s. He made these journeys, 34 in all, to trade with the Indians, and to supply Fort Owen, the trading post he built in 1850, near the site of Stevensville, Montana. The country he learned to know the hard way is bounded on the east by Fort Benton, then in Nebraska Territory, on the west by the Pacific, on the north by the Canadian line, and on the south by the Great Salt Lake.

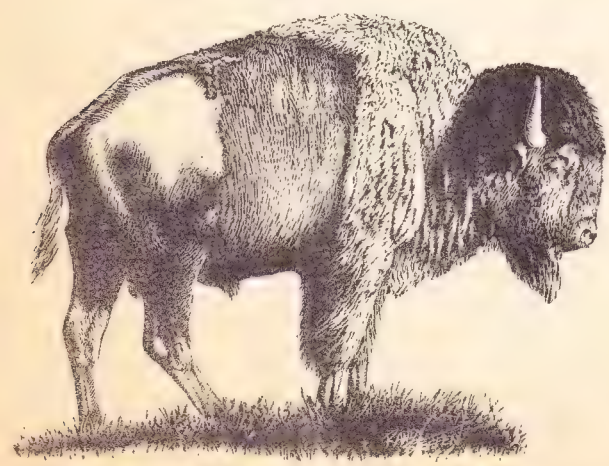
On foot, by mule, ox, bull boat, steamer, and railroad; over silver-clad mountains, swollen streams, fuelless plains; among Indians daubed in full war-paint; dealing with interference from well-meaning Jesuits and not-so-well-inclined renegade whites: such was his life. But so comradely was his disposition, and so keen his interest in his fellows, be they white or red, that he easily set aside his cares. At the turn of a nearly disastrous trip from Fort Benton in October of 1856, he wrote: "After supper the pipe and long camp yarns comparing present hardships to trips made long ago. The voyageur with a full pipe and a full stomach is always happy."

Owen's "full pipe" may be used as a symbol of his attitude toward the Indians, and of their acceptance of him as a friend. "Filling a pipe which we were going to smoke," he wrote in another part of his journals. This was a single pipe, shared with his Indian guide and hunter.

In order to deal intelligently with his Flathead neighbors when he first came among them he wrote the earliest known study of their language. On official visits and in more difficult negotiations, he used an interpreter. But in his every day dealings, he spoke their tongue.

Fort Owen, 300 to 400 miles from the nearest white settlement, was the meeting place for all manner of travelers: Indian chiefs, mountain men, horse traders on the Emigrant Road, miners from the gold fields to the east, members of Lieutenant John Mullan's road-building expedition and of Governor Isaac Stevens' exploring party. Lieutenant Grover and Dr. George Suckley, army surgeon, attached to Stevens' company, wrote in glowing terms of his hospitality and marveled over his place as a benevolent king in the wilderness.

At first, Owen put up three buildings, from the largest of which floated a flag. He built outer walls of high timber palisades. This was to safeguard the fort from raiding Blackfeet Indians, after they broke into the corral, stole horses, and killed John F. Dodson. The final adobe form of the fort Owen completed in 1860. The adobe wall, around 10 inches thick and lined with hewed lath and plaster, extended about a foot above the buildings, and had a top surface that was smooth and level enough to permit a man to run on it.



In those days buffalo were common. They covered the plains in countless thousands.

SURROUNDING the fort was a Flathead village of 16 wooden houses. These Flatheads were always friendly with the whites, even during the general uprising in 1858. They were valuable to Owen as guides, stock tenders, and packers. Often several lodges of them traveled with him on part of his trips, to their mutual benefit, since the early stages of their journeys from the fort were through country infested with Blackfeet horse thieves. Owen, in turn, often tided the tribe through severe winters following poor buffalo hunts.

Governor Stevens, meeting the Indians in Council Grove, some 30 miles northwest of Fort Owen, visited Owen. Lieutenant Mullan camped about 10 miles south of the fort at Cantonment Stevens, and had many pleasant dealings with the major. The post was the hub of a large territory depending upon him in both social and business ways.

His accounts of his travels, saved in 23 journals, read like a boy's dream of adventure. They help us live for the moment in days filled by stirring happenings. Perhaps most exciting was his first long trip, of around 600 miles, to Fort Walla Walla.

He left the fort April 12, 1851, accompanied by his usual packers. Along the way the party picked up five lodges of Indians. His troubles began early: an ox was killed by a wolf on the night of the 15th. However, the party could not complain as to the state of their larder, for Lamoose, the Flathead hunter, brought in antelope, duck, trout, mountain sheep, and sage hens' eggs. Such game was abundant in Beaverhead Valley, and the travelers took advantage of it by drying much of their kill for use in the sterner stretches of the trail, where they would find no food.

This early in the year, he encountered both snow and rain, slowing his pace and forcing him to make long stops to dry out the lodges. A good day's travel covered 25 miles; but when the party met snow that iced their saddles and jaded the horses and mules, eight miles was the limit.

ALONG the Beaverhead, however, they hit good going. Owen, in advance of his party that morning, cupped his hand over his eyes against the bright sun and halted his mount, the better to watch a rider dashing pell-mell toward him. It was Lamoose.

Owen was hard-put to understand the rapid Selish words. "Two buffalo on ridge to left!" cried Lamoose. "I waited for band of horses to come up, so I could catch my buffalo horse and go in pursuit."

Two miles of fast riding brought them where they could see the buffalo with a glass. Owen had his buffalo horse saddled, so he could join in the hunt. Palchana, an Indian boy with a pack horse, led this buffalo horse. Owen gave orders to the guide to take the party on and camp in the first good place, then rode with Lamoose and Edwards, another Indian.

Lamoose led at full speed. They climbed a small slope, when Lamoose dismounted and fired. He gave the word to advance and run. At first, Owen held off from the hunt, watching the Indians, as they rode fearlessly and gracefully. Then the buffalo took a turn and, as they passed them, he discharged his Colt at the nearest, a three-year-old bull, but

# Country Mule Deck

By MABEL C. OLSON

Owen was always having trouble with that stubborn mule. Drawing by Bill Leftwich.

with no apparent effect. His horse, used to the chase, ran beautifully alongside the bull, whose tongue was out full length. Owen fired three more shots, so close that every ball entered the animal.

The buffalo still showed life. Two of Owen's caps would not explode. He called Edwards to give him the other of his pair of Colts. When the Indian handed the gun to him, Owen fired three more loads into the body, immediately behind the foreshoulder. In a few moments the buffalo came to a dead halt, made a few staggering bounds toward Owen and Edwards, and fell dead. The cow, in spite of determined chase by Lamoose and Palchana on fresh horses, out-distanced them.

THIS first journey seemed planned for the hunter. Their next adventure took place on the 28th of April, just as the party came within sight of the Snake River, and was, as before, announced by Lamoose: "Whip your horses and go fast! Grizzly bear!"

The grizzly heard or scented them, and stood in upright position. While she was erect, Lamoose took deliberate aim and fired. She jumped high off the ground and fell.

But she heaved up again, and ran off. She led them on a long chase through dense thickets, into underbrush which kept them from getting a sight on her. It took both Palchana's arrows and bullets to bring her down. The Indians also killed one of the three cubs; they found its meat poor eating and left it. But they had the bear skin as a trophy of the hunt.

The party's advance was hampered by many streams. Some of these were so deep and treacherous that they could not trust to leading the pack mules across. Instead, they unpacked the animals and mounted them, with the load on the riders' backs.

As Owen fared deeper into the mountains, he was anxious to kill elk, anticipating the need of a skin or two to fashion a boat to cross the Snake River. They did not sight any, however. On May 1, after following the river many miles in vain search of a fording place, they unpacked for crossing. They converted the lodges into boats. The bales, saddles, guns, and other goods they placed inside, with the children on top of the load. The Indian women clung to the lodges and swam after. Three horses drew the lodges across, with riders who took the cord fastened to their lodges in their teeth. The lodge poles made frames for the boats. Over these frames, the Indians stretched the skins of elk or buffalo, making the boats water-proof. These were small bull boats.

The crossing took two hours, and was satisfactory, with nothing wet. The next day they reached Cantonment Loring, six miles from Fort Hall, and found it nearly abandoned. It was there that Owen said farewell to army life in 1849, before establishing his fort. From that point they continued uneventfully to Fort Walla Walla.

Although Owen made repeated trips to The Dalles, Fort Walla Walla, and Portland, he was often lost. This is not surprising, for the Bitter Root Mountains have some of the most densely forested stretches in the country, and are still little known.

IN the fall of 1852, he was on the way to The Dalles accompanied by Nancy, his Snake Indian wife, Mrs. William Harris, another Snake, the latter's two small children, an Indian boy whose name was not given, and Robinson Crusoe, also an Indian. They had a pack train of nine animals, which they had difficulty driving through the timber.

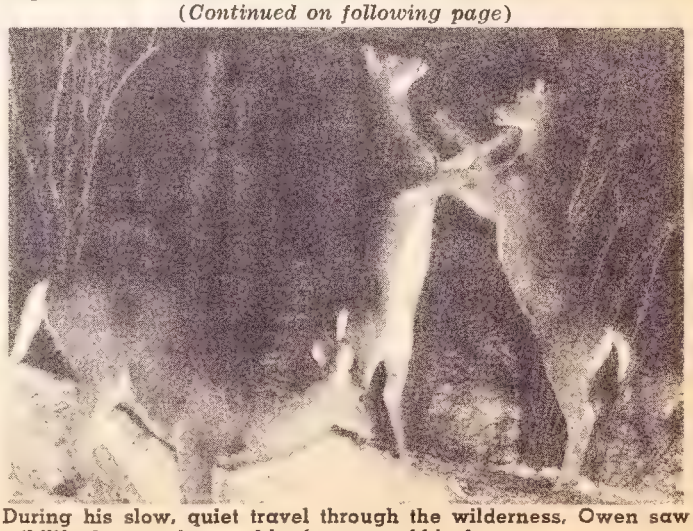
Members of the party became separated. Owen went supperless that night, except for some dry meat he had with him; the women, at the rear, had the food, kettles, and bedding. He made a bed of *peshamoes*, as they called saddle blankets of buffalo skins. In the morning his boy found the women, who had fallen behind and could not see the trail.

On his return from another trip to The Dalles in 1854, Owen had trouble with a stubborn mule, cached his pack, and set out on foot, only to become lost. His tobacco, fire steel and flint were with Nancy. He wandered for some time before he met Batiste, a Nez Perce whom he hired as a guide. Batiste found both Nancy and the cache, and led the party to the Clearwater River and ground familiar to Owen, who plied him with parting gifts.

At home or on the trail, Owen kept interested watch over the Indians: their buffalo treks twice a year to the Missouri; their making of fruit cakes; their horse races. He saw their interested and amused reception of their first white woman, Minnie, wife of Henry Miller from Salt Lake City. He enjoyed frequent visits from Victor, chief of the Flathead nation, and from Moiese, sub-chief. He interfered when horse traders thought to best the gullible natives. During Stevens' Indian council at Fort Benton in 1855 held for various tribes, Owen acted unofficially for the Flatheads. As a happy outcome of this council, the following year Owens exchanged pipes with Blackfeet chiefs, who came with three lodges of their tribe, the first peaceable Blackfeet seen in the valley.

BECAUSE of his place with the Indians, he was chosen sub-agent in charge of the government's dealings with the Flatheads, serving between 1856 and 1862. His efforts to improve the Indians' conditions met with many irritations.

(*Continued on following page*)



During his slow, quiet travel through the wilderness, Owen saw wildlife drama witnessed by few men of his day.

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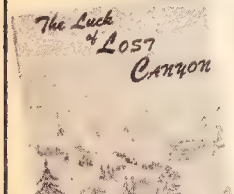


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## The Oregon Country via Mule Deck

*(Continued from preceding page)*

The cheap, flimsy, poorly chosen supplies sent him from St. Louis disgusted him. "Trash," he called them. "I could have purchased the same bill in Portland for one-third less money.

In the Indian uprising in the summer of 1858, he met the menacing tribes and made detailed reports to Colonel Nesmith and Colonel Steptoe as to the feeling among the Indians. (T. W. Nesmith was Superintendent of Indian Affairs of Oregon and Washington Territories; Edward J. Steptoe was commander of Fort Walla Walla.)

"My only surety of safety while among them," he told his superiors, "is the guard of friendly Indians I keep with me. They tell me they are not unfriendly to me, but they look upon me as a spy. The way to control them, as I see it, is to take over Fort Colville from the Hudson's Bay Company, and cut off supplies to the hostile tribes. This is one of the blackest councils ever held on the Pacific Coast. The scalp and war dance go on the night through."

His troubles over the agency piled up in 1859. The annuities did not come; white settlers trespassed upon Indian land; destitute Flatheads puzzled over the "White Father's" failure to keep his promises.

EDWARD Geary, in 1860 Superintendent of Indian Affairs stationed in Portland, authorized Owen to fit out a train of 40 or more pack mules or Indian ponies, that he might take from Portland tools, materials for construction, and agricultural implements for the Indians. Owen was to use some of the goods sent for the Flathead agency in his council in 1861 with the Eastern Oregon tribes.

Geary's understanding helpfulness was balanced by exasperating dealings Owen had with Fort Benton people in the Indian Office. They held up shipments until Owen was forced to help the needy Indians from his own stock of goods. When shipments were finally released to him, they were unsuited to the needs of his charges: flimsy shawls and blankets, rice, hard bread, coffee salvaged from a grounded steamer. "Hard bread is the last thing Indians require," he wrote in disgust. "They might better get good breeding stock to improve their herds."

He resigned from the sub-agency in 1862, pleased after six years' service to be free from a wearisome task.

Not all of Owen's days, of course, were spent on the trail. Between trips, he and his many employees occupied themselves with such homely tasks as making soap and candles, pickling buffalo tongues, sawing lumber, grinding grain, mending harness, branding stock.

An important part of his work at the fort was the planting and care of a huge garden, to help feed the large numbers who sat at his table. From it, too, he sold tons of vegetables to the booming gold camps. His ox teams also hauled much flour from his mill.

In the main, he was content with his lot. Occasionally, however, he commented on the routine of his days at the fort. One such time was his birthday, June 27, 1854, which he spent casting bullets for the trade. Another was in 1856, when he wrote:

"Glorious Fourth passed off about as other days in this mountainous region. I would frequently think of the merry doings that were going on in a land far distant—the patriotic speeches, to say nothing of the sherry cobbler, mint julep and rum punches that flowed in abundance until all became merry and happy all around."

ON September 11, 1865, he and a goodly company indulged in "nips" to celebrate "the wheel turns," the wheel being that of his newly set up flour mill. In fact, Owen was ready to celebrate often and extensively. Christmas and other gala occasions found him feasting everyone within hailing distance. Cooking for the fort was a hard chore, and the turnover of cooks was high.

In this and other fort tasks, Nancy usually took no part, except to fill in between cooks. She remained for the most part aloof from the social life there, too, content to accompany Owen on his journeys and on occasional visits to friends. Owen seemed to have been genuinely attached to his "old wife," as he called her. Only once did he appear to wish himself free, young, and attractive. But Emma Harris, sister of his heir, Thomas Harris, was interested elsewhere. She married David Pattee, whom Owen called "dissipatedly temperate."

Owen mailed, in 1858, detailed invoices of Fort Owen property, belonging to himself and employees, to Colonel Nesmith. The total was valued at $36,900. At the time he was planning a trip to Walla Walla valley with his stock. He expected to find greater security from the Mormons, who he feared were about to move into the Bitter Root valley in large numbers. This trip he did not make; the Mormons did not come.

His stock was a valuable part of Fort Owen property. For a short time after he left the army, he traded on the Emigrant Road, exchanging fresh horses for good Eastern stock worn by the difficult travel. And after he set up the fort, he had many dealings with other traders, and so secured good horses. His brand was 21, on left hip or shoulder.

He also owned cattle, to supply beef for his table and for sale to customers. Stock wintered, without need of feeding, south of the fort, where the snowfall was slight. One exception was the severe winter of 1862, when the loss of stock was great.

The day of Fort Owen as a point of importance in the interior Northwest was done by 1865. During the preceding year, Missoula Mills, the present Missoula, was established on Mullan's wagon road, which by-passed Fort Owen. Its founders, Frank Worden and Captain C. P. Higgins, encroached heavily upon Owen's trade.

Hard times hit the major. And worse misfortune was in store for him; soon after 1871 his mental powers began to fail. He was kept in St. Patrick's Hospital in Missoula until 1877, when he was taken to his old home in Pennsylvania, where he died on July 12, 1889. By a strange coincidence, in February of that same year one wall of Fort Owen crumbled in.

Historians have neglected Owen and his kind, without whose adventurous spirit the Oregon Country would still be undeveloped.

—O—

# Maximilian's Gold

**History? Legend? Absolute fact? How would you know for sure unless you lived in Maximilian's day and were on this particular trek across Texas? We'd pass up some mighty good stories if we used only those that could be verified to their most minute detail. This one, for instance.**

By J. A. RICKARD

Illustrated by Bill Neale

SOMEWHERE in the vicinity of the old Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos River in southwest Texas lies a fortune believed to be worth a million dollars. Wind and sand have obliterated all the old landmarks leading to it, but it is there all the same. At least this is the belief of many old timers, and there seems to be enough proof to place the yarn out of the legends class and to give it a strong basis of possibility.

There is a story connected with it, of course. It begins with the Reconstruction period following the Civil War and starts out with a group of five ex-Confederates, who one spring morning found themselves seated in their saddles on the north bank of the Rio Grande, some hundreds of miles below El Paso. Their leader, Bill Murdock, had just picked up the reins on his horse's withers and was about to enter the shallow waters of the river.

"There she lies, boys; land of fame and fortune," he was saying. "If we're going to get away from Carpetbaggers and d——— Yankees, and maybe help Maximilian, here's our chance."

His horse had already taken the first step into the murky stream when one of his companions said, "Hold it! Somebody's coming. By the saints and Old Jeff, it's a wagon train!"

And such it was; ten heavily loaded wagons, drawn by mules, and carrying what the grizzled Austrian caravan leader declared to be cargoes of wool and hides. The Mexican drivers spoke no English, but the leader could converse with the ex-Confederates in their own tongue. And naturally the groups asked each other questions.

What the Austrian told Murdock and his men was not reassuring. The Emperor Maximilian, he said, was about to be overthrown. The Mexican Republicans under Juarez were rapidly gaining control of the country, and the Emperor's troops were deserting him. French troops, which had been supporting him and enabling him to rule, had been withdrawn from the country. The caravan had had trouble in getting out, and the Americans would be joining a lost cause. The caravan hoped to make its way across Texas to Galveston, where the cargo would be sold for money to take the Austrian back home.

Archduke Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

Murdock, speaking for his men, told the caravan leader that their prospects for getting across Texas were far from bright. The Carpetbag government, then ruling the state, could not keep law and order, and the Indians were almost sure to attack them. They would never get through without guides and an armed escort.

As a result of this exchange of information, the caravan leader offered Murdock and his friends three hundred dollars each to escort them safely to their destination. And their offer was accepted. Within twenty-four hours, the Americans were taking the caravan back over the trail that they themselves had just traveled. They were San Antonio bound.

But they were not far up the road when Murdock's men grew suspicious. They doubted the word of the Austrian about the cargo. The wagons were too heavily loaded to contain wool and hides; they must contain something of greater value. And the actions of the drivers aroused their suspicions still more. Each wagon was fully covered with bows and sheets, and its contents were further covered, so that no one could see them. Moreover the drivers stayed with them by day and slept in them by night. A few efforts on the part of Murdock's men to peep met with a stern warning from the caravan leader.

One night the guides held a caucus on the matter. Some of them were in favor of using force and maybe robbery. Murdock stoutly opposed this, and for the time succeeded in preventing his followers from doing anything rash.

However, he fell sick with dysentery; so sick that he had to stop. He could not travel farther until he was better. But his men wanted to keep going, and the caravan leader would not consent to even a halt. Fear-

(*Continued on page* 39)

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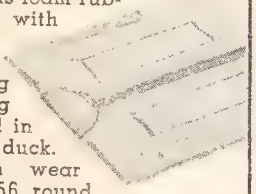

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## Hell With the Fire Out

*(Continued from page 9)*

he was "gagged with white man talk"—and Canby understood how he felt. Nevertheless, the General reluctantly agreed to try to negotiate another treaty with the fugitives.

Working through "Princess" Winema, a blood relative of Jack, Canby arranged for a meeting with chief. Winema, who had married a white miner named Riddle and assumed the masculine-sounding name of Tobey, served eagerly as intermediary. On March 10, the Riddles, under a flag of truce, accompanied General Canby and the members of the peace commission to a meeting place on the Fairchild ranch near the rim of the Lava Beds.

Canby found the Modocs wracked with dissension. Hooker Jim fearing the gallows because of the seventeen murders chalked against him, insisted on a war to the death. Schonchin John, remembering the long-ago peace talk with Ben Wright, sided vigorously with Jim. Captain Jack, troubled and uncertain, appeared to hope still that some agreement might be reached with the whites. The attitude of the sub-chiefs was so violent and unreasonable that General Canby called off the council at once. Jack promised to talk again on March 27.

Alfred Meacham, a Quaker and formerly an Indian agent, accompanied General Canby and the Reverend Eleazar Thomas to the second council. Captain Jack opened negotiations by asking that a reservation be set aside for his people near Hot Creek or near the Fairchild ranch. Canby refused, declaring that the Modocs "could not get along near white people." Jack then requested the Lava Beds for his tribe, "as no white man would ever want to live in such a barren spot". Again he was turned down, the commissioners insisting that no land could be granted until peace was made and the Modocs marched out of their stronghold under a flag of truce. Jack exploded at this, angrily reminding the commission of what had happened when Ben Wright called his people out of the Lava Beds under a flag of truce. The council ended at this point, though Jack again agreed to talk "when spring is truly here and my heart is not so heavy."

SCHONCHIN John and Hooker Jim went to work on Jack as soon as the commissioners left. "Our chief is a fish-hearted old woman!" sneered John. "You had our enemies in your power and let them get away. If you are afraid, then Hooker Jim and I will kill the white men at the next meeting. Here,old woman, take this shawl—it will keep you from trembling!"

"Yes, and here is a woman's hat!" chimed in Jim, stepping forward with a squaw's shapeless sunbonnet in his hands. "Wear this, my chief . . ."

"Enough!" shouted Jack, goaded beyond endurance. "I *am* your chief—and I fear nothing and nobody. I myself will kill the soldier-chief at the next council!"

On the 8th day of April, General Canby sent Tobey Riddle to the Modoc camp to arrange the next meeting. Canby requested that Captain Jack and five of his braves meet with the commissioners at the "peace tent" on April 11. All parties would attend the council unarmed and all would be free to leave whenever they wished.

Jack readily agreed to the meeting and conditions thereupon imposed, and Tobey left the Modoc camp with the happy feeling that at least something might be done for her wretched people. The feeling was soon dissipated. Half a mile beyond the lava rim she was overtaken by a Modoc brave named Bill Faithful, who breathlessly informed her of the murder plot against the commissioners.

General Canby laughed off Tobey's warning. "Jack's too smart to pull a fool stunt like that. He knows he'd hang if he murdered me. An Indian don't mind getting killed in battle, but he don't want his spirit strangled by a rope."

Heroically—for they alone believed in the Modocs' murderous intention—Tobey Riddle and her husband accompanied the peace commissioners on their journey. L. S. Dyer, the Klamath agent, also decided to go along. Dyer and Meacham armed themselves with double-barreled pocket derringers; General Canby, Riddle and the Reverend Doctor Thomas refused to violate the agreement with the Indians that neither party carry weapons.

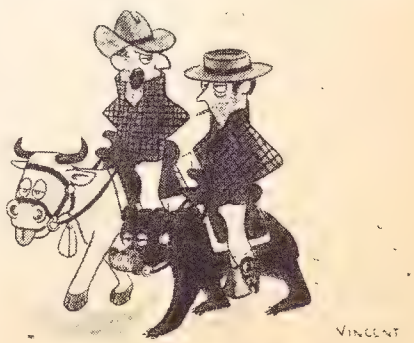
The sun was shining brightly on the morning of April 11 when the five white men and one Indian woman started out, but soon snow was whipping out of black storm-clouds clustered over the forbidding landscape. Soldiers posted on the nearby bluffs peered anxiously through the squall, trying to keep the party in sight as they rode toward the peace tent near the rim of the Lava Beds.

Captain Jack, Hooker Jim, Schonchin John and three braves squatted around a small campfire burning at the rear of the canvas tent. General Canby presented the chief with a box of cigars; his keen eyes noting instantly the unmistakable bulge of a revolver beneath the tight-belted blanket worn by each brave. The Riddles were right; Jack and his warriors were planning to murder them all!

CANBY waited politely until each Indian had lighted his cigar with a brand from the fire, then spoke: "Modocs, I greet you. We are good friends today and will remain good friends. We will do much good at this council."

Jack puffed calmly at his cigar. "General, you white men talk all the time and do nothing. Your words are like lodge-smoke, blowing this way and that in the wind. Each new pledge you break—like *this!*" The chief picked up a sagebrush twig and snapped it between his fingers. "Take away your soldiers from the bluffs; *then* we will talk peace."

Meacham broke in smoothly. "The General can't do that. He is under orders from the Great Father in Washington.




"I sure hate this saddling-up before daybreak!"

Bring your people out of the rocks and we promise to find a new home for all of you."

Jack picked up another twig. *"Promise!"* he said scornfully—and broke the twig and threw the pieces in Meacham's face. The Quaker paled, but retained his composure.

Nobody spoke again until the Modocs finished their cigars. Then Hooker Jim got up and moved catlike behind the seated white men. Approaching Meacham's horse, he took the commissioner's overcoat from the saddle and put it on. "Me old man Meacham now!" he grinned, facing the silent group at the fire.

Meacham gamely forced a smile. "Here, take my hat, too," he said, removing his broad-brimmed Quaker skypiece and offering it to Jim.

The Modoc grinned more widely than before. "No hurry about hat!" he grunted significantly.

Now Jack leaped to his feet and burst out fiercely: "Talk, General! I am tired waiting for you to speak!"

It was showdown—and Canby met it unflinchingly. He rose, drew himself up to his full six feet and looked Jack straight in the eye. "Give up Hooker Jim and his killers. Return at once to the reservation."

The chief glared at Canby for a moment, then turned his back on him. He whirled suddenly, shouting in Modoc: *"Ot-we-kua-tux-e!"* (All ready). With the shout he drew his hidden revolver, leveled it at the General and pulled the trigger. The gun misfired. Canby started for Jack, and took a slug under his right eye. Canby reeled away from the fire and fell. Bogus Charley leaped on him and cut his throat to the backbone with a single swipe of his knife. Another Modoc named Boston Charley shot Doctor Thomas as the General fell. The minister sank to his knees, crying: "Don't shoot me again, Charley, I'm a dead man!"

"Damn you,' snarled Charley, "mebbe nex time you b'leeve what squaw tell you, eh?"

Doctor Thomas prayed until the bullets stilled his bloody lips.

Frank Riddle and Dyer jumped up and sprinted for safety at the first shot. Tobey, shrieking hysterically in mixed Modoc and English, saved Meacham's life by knocking Schonchin John's gun to one side. The indomitable Indian woman then beat John with her fists and kicked him in the groin until he tripped over a log and fell. Meacham fired both barrels of his derringer, wounding one brave; then dropped the empty pistol and started to run. A slug caught him and he went down. Boston Charley, whooping like a fiend, jumped on the wounded man and started to scalp him. Again Tobey rushed to the rescue. She clawed at Charley like a wildcat, screaming "Look out—soldiers are coming!" Charley shook her off and darted away after his fleeing mates.

Tenderly, Tobey wrapped Meacham in her saddle blankets; then mounted her horse and rode hard for the soldiers' camp to get help. Half-way to the camp she met her husband returning at the gallop with a detachment of cavalry. Both Canby and Thomas were dead, but Meacham was patched up and taken to a hospital. Needing only expert nursing care to recover, he received it—from Tobey Riddle.

*(Continued on following page)*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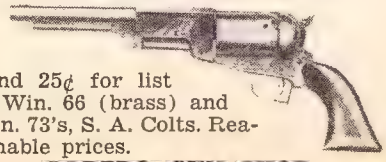

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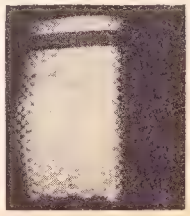

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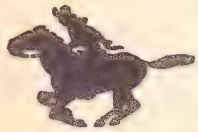

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## Hell With the Fire Out

*(Continued from preceding page)*

ON April 14 troops again pushed into the Lava Beds. Two columns, under command of Colonel Gillem and Major Mason, moved up slowly behind steady mortar fire. Shells arched through the mist to explode behind the stone ramparts manned by the Modocs, driving them back step by step. In two days of savage fighting the soldiers drove the Indians away from the lakes that furnished their main water supply. Eight troopers were killed and seventeen wounded as unseen marksmen poured fire through rock crevices into both flanks of the advancing columns. Three times the troops were held up by vicious counter-attacks, but each time the Indians were beaten off. One crater proved a particularly tough nut to crack, requiring hours of intensive shelling to soften up. Gradually the rifle-fire of the defenders slackened and finally ceased. The soldiers moved in cautiously to discover the bodies of three warriors and eight squaws.

During the night following the second day's fighting, the Modocs slipped away through their secret passageways to a new citadel in the jungle of rock. The troops made a fireless camp, well aware that their bloody job was far from finished.

The next morning, Captain Evan Thomas led a detachment of 85 men on a reconnaissance to locate new mortar positions. Twice brevetted for gallantry in the Civil War, Thomas knew little about fighting Indians. The Modocs spotted the column moving out and trailed it patiently. Not even Thomas' flankers sensed danger, since not an Indian was to be seen anywhere. The troopers halted for noon mess at the base of a sand hill in fairly open country. Broken lava formations lay within rifle-shot on either hand, and here Captain Jack hid his warriors. The Indians maneuvered so silently the soldiers never had a warning of impending disaster until the first plunging volleys ripped into them.

Half of Thomas' command, untrained recruits, broke and ran in panic. His hardbitten regulars took what cover they could find and prepared to sweat it out. Realizing that his exposed position was untenable, Thomas ordered his men to charge the lava ridges and drive out the concealed sharpshooters. The attempt was sheer suicide; the Modocs shot them to pieces. Pinned down in the open, it looked like curtains for Thomas and his men. Yet, with only scattered rocks and brush for cover, the troopers fought on gallantly until nightfall. The relief column, reaching them after dark, found Captain Thomas dead along with four officers and eighteen enlisted men. Eighteen were wounded. Stretcher bearers lugged the wounded back to camp over five miles of tortuous terrain, haunted always by fear of the Modocs. A blinding sleet storm lashed the bearers until at times they could barely crawl with their precious burden. Time after time they missed their footing on loose rocks and sharp ridges and fell, steeling their jumpy nerves to withstand the wounded's groans of agony. Thirteen hours elapsed before the last stretcher team staggered into camp, turned over their charge to the medics, and dropped exhausted.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. C. Davis now took command of the bogged-down Modoc operation. Davis, thoroughly experienced in Indian fighting, knew that the only way to mop up the elusive Modocs was to harry them constantly. He reorganized the troops, brought up additional supplies and artillery and set about restoring the shattered morale of his men.

"These are only Indians we're fighting, not devils," the General reminded them. "We have damned bad terrain to fight over, but so have they. We have the advantage of numbers, artillery and ample supplies. All we have to do is hammer 'em steadily and keep 'em away from water. Apply that kind of pressure and they're bound to give up."

Advancing behind a screen of scouts, with flankers thrown out on both sides, Davis brought military science to bear on the Modocs for the first time. Whenever the fugitives made a determined stand, the General ordered a halt and brought up the mortars to blast them out. There were no more valiant but senseless Civil War style charges against entrenched riflemen, no more sending out small reconnaissance parties to be ambushed and butchered. Under the terrific artillery pounding the Modocs were driven ever deeper into the Lava Beds.

Cut off from water, with food running out, the situation was rapidly becoming hopeless for the hunted Indians. Crazed by the suffering of the women and children, Captain Jack attempted on May 10 to break through the cordon of soldiers. Clad in General Canby's uniform, the chief led thirty-three mounted warriors in a wild charge upon Colonel Hasbrouck's cavalry at Sorass Lake on the west side of the pedregal. The screeching Modocs stampeded the detachment's horse-herd and made things rough for awhile. Hasbrouck coolly rallied his men and drove the Indians off by a series of hell-for-leather countercharges. Few warriors were killed, but twenty-four pack horses loaded with ammunition were captured. Hasbrouck's victorious cavalry chased Jack and his braves four miles before losing them in the bluffs.

The loss of their ammunition was a knockout blow to the hard-fighting

"It MUST be coffee! It's too strong for sheep dip!!"

Modocs. Captain Jack and a handful of followers still held out, but Hooker Jim, Bogus Charley, Scarface Charley and Shacknasty Jim surrendered to General Davis. They were signed up promptly as scouts and trailers at salaries of $100 each per month and set to work running down their chief.

Swiftly now the hounds closed in on Captain Jack, dragging him to earth on June 1. Jack was the last Modoc captured; Schonchin John and fifty others—mostly old men, women and children—having surrendered earlier the same day. The chief staggered out of the brush still wearing General Canby's uniform, now torn to tatters by rock and thorn. "Jack's legs gave out," he told the troopers who captured him. "I am ready to die."

GENERAL DAVIS moved promptly to hang Jack and his killers out of hand, but was checked in this hasty action by an order from Washington. After much discussion as to the legality of the procedure, Captain Jack, Schonchin John, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Barncho and Sloluck were ordered to trial before a military commission at Fort Klamath. The charge was violation of the laws of war, attacking a peace commission under cover of a flag of truce. The four Modoc traitors, equally guilty with Jack and the others of the murder of General Canby and Doctor Thomas, were not tried at all in recognition of their valuable assistance in running down their fellows.

The trial began in July and continued nearly a month. The prisoners were not represented by counsel, since no lawyer was assigned to the defense by the Army and none volunteered his services. Each prisoner was given a turn on the stand, but only Captain Jack made a speech. Fearlessly he pointed out to the court that the war had started with Captain Jackson's attack on his peaceful camp at Lost River. Nor did the chief forget to mention that the whole chain of murders had started with Hooker Jim's massacre of the settlers on his flight from Lost River to the Lava Beds. "Now Jim stands free," cried Jack, "and I will hang!"

The chief went on to say, in part:

"The Government ought to care for my young people. See the good land and the size of the country that is taken away from me and my people. If I wanted to talk more, I could tell you facts, and prove by white people that which would open your eyes about the way my people have been murdered by the whites. I *will* say that not one white man was ever punished for those deeds. If the white people who killed our women and children had been tried and punished, I would not have thought so much about myself and my companions. Do we Indians stand any show for justice with you white people and your own laws? I say no! You white people can shoot any of us Indians any time you want to, whether we are at war or at peace. Can you tell me whenever any white man has been punished in the past for killing a Modoc in cold blood? No, you cannot tell me! I am on the edge of the grave. My life is in you people's hands. I charge the white people with wholesale murder—not only once, but many times. Think about Ben Wright—what did he do? He killed nearly fifty of my people, among them my father. Was he or any of his men ever punished? No, not one! Mind you, Ben Wright and his men were civilized white people. The other whites at Yreka made a hero of him because he murdered innocent Indians. Now here I am. I killed one man after I had been fooled by him many times, and I was forced to do the act by my own warriors. The law says, 'hang him; he is nothing but an Indian anyhow; we can kill them any time for nothing, but this one has done something, so hang him!' Why did not the white man's law say that about Ben Wright?"

In vain was the eloquent plea for justive; unanswered were the searching questions. All six of the defendants were adjudged guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

The verdict touched off a storm of protest throughout the country from individuals who felt strongly that justice had not been served. Many people wrote to Washington pleading for a suspension or at least a commutation of the death sentences to life imprisonment. President Grant finally commuted the sentences of Barncho and Sloluck to life imprisonment, but refused to act further. The four condemned Modocs were placed in jail at Fort Klamath to await execution.

ON the morning of October 3, 1873, the prisoners were prepared for the noose. A minster came to visit Jack and pray for him. The Modoc chieftain listened poker-faced to the preacher's glowing description of the place he was so soon to enter.

"Preacher, you say that this place I am going to is a nice place. Do you like this place you call Heaven?"

"Why—why, yes!" blurted the startled sky-pilot. "But why do you ask?"

"Well," continued Jack, "I like to make a deal with you. I give you twenty-five ponies if you go in my place, as you like it so much."

The minister's reply is not on record.

The prisoners were marched from their cells shortly before ten o'clock on that clear, crisp Friday morning. From the stockade, their sorrowing families began to wail in unison as the four men were escorted to the towering gallows in the center of the jail-yard. None of the doomed quartet showed the slightest sign of fear as the hanging party climbed to the scaffold. The trap was sprung promptly at ten—and the pitiful keening of the bereaved families was taken up by the watching Klamaths as the bodies shot downward to sway grotesquely at the ends of the ropes. The Army doctor pronounced each man dead, and the Modoc War was officially over.

In this small-scale but deadly war the Government expended more than half a million dollars; several times the amount needed to have set the Modocs up on a reservation of their own. Eighty-three settlers and soldiers were killed, eighty-five wounded. The Modocs lost twelve warriors killed, four executed, one a suicide; their loss in wounded and in women and children was never determined. The remnant of the tribe, including a number of families who had kept determinedly out of the fighting, were removed to Quapaw Agency in the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma).

Captain Jack had expiated his crime with his life, but the whites reserved for him one final indignity. The body of the chief was preserved, taken on a tour of the East and placed on public exhibition, admission ten cents.


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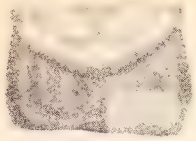

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## Shooting Town, U. S. A.

(*Continued from page* 11)

so substantial representatives were authorized to cash shares on presentation, an extremely unusual practice by Wells Fargo. Sixty-five bordellos blossomed to assist in redistributing the prosperity, and 15,000 residents milled about Bodie.

WITH the prosperity seemingly assured, Bodie took time out to honor its founder. Captain H. Z. Osborne, editor of the Bodie Free Press, one of the four newspapers, proposed a tribute to Bill Body, from whence all these good things had come. Funds were subscribed, and Bill Body was brought home from the snow-capped peak where he had lain for fourteen years. Civic interest centered on the small casket, and the press was quick to sense the interest. Under title of "Bill Body's Bones," the Free Press of November 3, 1879, printed a vivid account of Body's homecoming:

"Every occasion has a humorous as well as a solemn side. . . . Holding services over the remains of a man that had lain in the earth for twenty years is of rare occurrence.

"Ever since the bones of Body have been unearthed, they have been the subject of curiosity and comment by nearly every resident of Bodie. Yesterday afternoon, as they lay in their miniature coffin, they were closely examined by a large number of people of all classes. The skull, which had been carefully cleaned and polished like a billiard ball, would be taken up and scrutinized as if it were a piece of quartz from some new discovery. At the same time a lawyer would have the old prospector's shoe, taking it in from all bearings. 'He must have been a young man,' remarked an individual dressed in a canvas suit, as he looked at the row of well preserved teeth. 'A man is not like a horse. You can't tell by his jaw,' was the reply of the bartender, who had a shin bone in his hand. 'He was a man of firmness,' said a carpenter. 'You can see the bump is very prominent,' pointing to the base of the skull which, by the way, was a little raised because of the earth adhering and petrifying. 'I knew Body intimately for two years,' said an old timer from Tuolomne, as he picked up two or three of his ribs, 'and he never drank a drop.' 'That accounts for the bones being so well preserved,' replied a mine superintendent, who had a left hip bone in his hand, looking at it as if he saw a 'color.'

"Thus the conversation went on, lawyers, doctors, miners, all examining the remains as though they were a quantity of good pay ore from the Bodie mine."

But interest flagged when news arrived relating President Garfield's assassination. The martyred President was considered the miners' friend because of some favorable legislation, and an invitation was dispatched to Washington urging his burial in Bodie. Understandably ignored, the miners nonetheless filched the memorial shaft planned for Body, dedicated it to the President and buried an effigy. Body's bones were reinterred in a sagebrush-throttled grave, whose location had long ago been lost. Bodie's heart was large, but not always constant.

THE incident prompted only casual comment in the newspapers as there was too much demand for space recounting death on a daily basis. John Hays Hammond, a noted mining engineer on the ground to inspect some property, observed that Bodie was not for him, but thought it indicated a Christian spirit when men were killed for six days in a row, then no murder occurred on Sunday. He might have been more disturbed, however, by scanning the September 5, 1880, issue of the Bodie Standard:

"John Hackwell, an itinerant prospector, fussed with another miner over who was first in line at a fandango house. Services were held next day for Hackwell.

"Then John Rann shot Ray Costello following an argument about who was right when Hackwell was shot.

"The Belleville-bound stage was relieved of its bullion by a pair of highwaymen who then doubled back and looted a second stage. Culprits unknown.

"Ed Ryan and Dave Bannon, on another day, were busy poisoning themselves at a local saloon when a fight started. Happily they took part, but being unable to find opponents, Ed and Dave squared off with each other. Apparently Ryan lost his sense of humor because he grabbed Bannon around the neck and pressed his gun against his chest. Bannon drew his gun, and each jerked the trigger. Bodie had 'two men for breakfast' the next morning."

In only one instance of Bodie's lurid history was there any attempt to exact justice for murder. Mr. and Mrs. DeRoche joined the throngs at Miners Union Hall, gathered to celebrate New Year's Eve of 1879. During the evening a character named Treolar danced first, then laid hands on Mrs. DeRoche. Her husband gave Treolar the arm and told him to get with it as far as his wife was concerned. Treolar ambushed DeRoche after the ball was over.

Angry miners strung up the Romeo, then reassembled at a gin mill joking about Treolar having such a good time with them he just "hung around all night."

OTHER women figured in Bodie's history too. It was in Bodie, Eleanore Dumont, the famed "Madame Moustache" of the West, spread her last faro bank, then took her life when she couldn't pay her gambling debts. (Short-card artists got to her.)

Here too Bodie Rose, a bordello queen, fell in love with one of the respectable merchants in town. Strangely, Bodie residents frowned on marriage between those from opposite sides of Maiden Lane, and the mis-mated pair loved, but illicitly. Pneumonia killed Bodie Rose's man, and within a short time

**"Talk about sensations—did you ever get licked by a wagon tongue?"**

she passed away, too. Here then was a problem: Bodie Rose couldn't be buried within the cemetery reserved for the better element of Bodie, even though it was her dying request. Sentimental miners finally solved it. Her lover was buried within the cemetery, and Bodie Rose interred in the boothill reserved for the gamblers, gunners, and their ladies. But they were side by side, only the wrought iron fence separated them, and this small mortal wall was perhaps of little concern to either.

A more objective appraisal of the bad girls from Bodie appeared in a September, 1880, issue of the Silver Cliff Prospect:

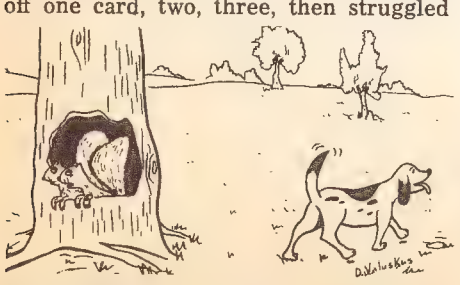
"A bad girl from Bodie, California, with a split in her ear (evidence of a felony conviction) arrived yesterday. She comes in search of a gay deceiver. If the gay deceiver was in Silver Cliff, she undoubtedly found him. The same girl went to Leadville and was there only two days when she mashed a hotel proprietor for $800. She took a mining man to the tune of about $1,000, besides raising the devil with his family. A bad Bodie girl is bad in the extreme, especially when under the influence of whiskey."

Whiskey had its influence on Pat Carroll, too. The strong waters fired his patriotism for ould Ireland, and he indignantly refused to participate in the Miners' Union July 4th celebration. Pat interrupted the planning meeting protesting the United States hadn't been considerate enough of the Ould Sod, according to his lights. Pat got pitched out for his efforts.

Pat repaired to a local saloon to increase his bottled patriotism, then returned to the hall to continue his case. After scuffling with the door guard, Pat pulled a gun. Members of the planning committee followed suit, and Pat Carroll was out-voted for the second time, so overwhelmingly that his funeral was held next day.

PAT wasn't as fast as he needed be, and neither was Constable Charlie Curran. Charlie, whose law enforcement activities were held to a minimum, loved to play poker, but he loved winning more. Charlie couldn't afford much more than a penny ante game, and everybody in Bodie knew he used the cold-deck method to deal himself a hand when needed. Charlie held the spare deck between his legs, covered by a bandana. One of Charlie's friends, wearying a mite with the constable's methods, secured a deck similar to the one in play. He glued the cards together, except for a few loose ones top and bottom.

The next day, Charlie's friend greeted him boisterously with a back slapping that sent the handkerchief to the floor. In the confusion, decks were exchanged. Charlie, a few chips behind, figured he needed a winner and deftly substituted his cold deck. Charlie peeled off one card, two, three, then struggled with the fourth. Charlie looked blankly at the glued-up deck, then got up from the table in righteous wrath. It was a matter of weeks before Charlie resumed his favorite pastime, away from the jail house.



"That's funny . . . It's not a bit cloudy!"

But Charlie was long gone and the phrase "Bad Man From Bodie" had lost its currency even in vaudeville acts, when the roaring camp could only boast one professional killer: Sylvester Roe, commonly called Red.

Red was as queer as a three dollar bill, considering how killers were measured in those days. He could quote the Bible and Shakespeare at some length, which gave him the standing of a "gent." But he also had a great fondness for jokes, mostly of the thick-skulled variety such as pulling out chairs, or blowing pepper in someone's eyes. And he got his kicks out of bugging the eyes out of a weaker wrestler when indulging in that sport.

Red was spitting and whittling in Tom Marshall's saloon one morning when Dutchy ambled in, looking for some of the needful. Knowing Dutch was a timorous little man, Red decided he wanted to wrestle a little. Dutchy protested, but his denials became gurgles as Red's grip tightened around his throat. Dutchy squealed and squirmed, then finally wrenched loose. His boots scorched the board floor as he scuttled through the batwing doors.

Dutchy's imagination worked feverishly as he scuffed down the street. And he convinced himself Red's wrestling was merely a prelude to finding an excuse for gunning him. The more he thought of it, the surer he became. Dutchy borrowed a double-barreled shotgun and returned to Marshall's saloon. Red never had a chance to laugh away the gag as he took the full load from the vengeful Dutchy.

EVEN deposed bad men were entitled to last rites, but considering Red's personality, residents were hard put to find someone with something kind to say about him. As the ritual was read, the parson coughed, cleared his throat, and looked uncomfortably about, trying desperately to think of something appropriate to say. His face finally brightened, then he intoned a remark which remains a classic today:

"Can't say there's many things we care to say about the departed brother, but the kindest thing I can think of is that he certainly had a good appetite."

Even an intense search through Bodie's boothill wouldn't disclose Red's grave. The weathered headboards and granite shafts lonesomely reflect an eerie story of the past, as does the rest of Bodie. There's a watchman who'll tell much of the past and present. Assessment work is still being done in the hopes the price of gold will be boosted enough to make it worthwhile to work the mines again. Bodie has the raw metal still waiting, there's no doubt. But even those who visit the ghost town for nothing more tangible than knowledge can conjure up visions of the past. Somehow, standing amidst the gaunt, nakedness of the ghost town, one can imagine the whisper of the disgruntled Comstock undertaker who said:

"As soon as the local talent of Virginia City get to thinking they're tough, they go and try it out in Bodie. Then, dammit, the Bodie undertakers get the job of burying them."

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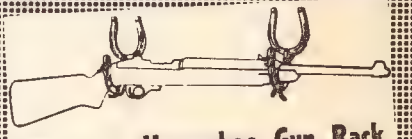

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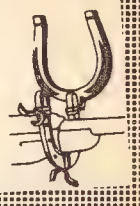

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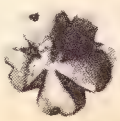

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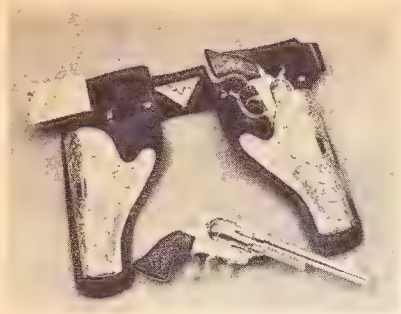

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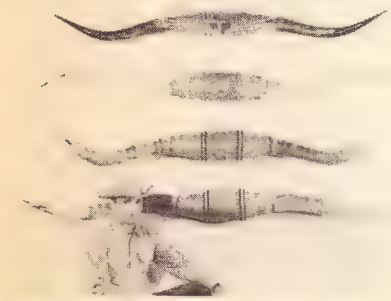

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## Old Thunder

(*Continued from page* 17)

Old Thunder's eyes were cold with contempt as he answered the half-breed's questions with a silent nod towards the closed door at the opposite end of the room.

Half an hour later Old Thunder was summoned to the office of the Indian Agent. The Agent, a portly man, grey of hair and stern of feature, asked La Plunt to tell the policeman his story.

Speaking the tongue of his mother, La Plunt said to Old Thunder. "Two sleeps ago, the sub-agent sent me to get Indians to haul wood. I left early in the morning. It was night when I returned. The fire in the stove was cold. On the floor was the sub-agent. He was dead. On the soles of his bare feet and on the palms of his hands were many burns. He had been tortured before he was killed. And he had been scalped."

Old Thunder stood in silence. Not a muscle of his face moved. Only his eyes betrayed the fact that he had heard. They glowed like the dying coals of a fire when the breeze stirs them to fresh life.

"The sign," asked Old Thunder calmly. "Which way did the tracks lead?"

"The sign led east, towards the burial ground," said La Plunt. "I followed the sign for a quarter of a mile. Then the wind blew hard, like a blizzard, covering all track."

"Tell Old Thunder," said the Indian Agent, "I want him to leave right away. Tell him to bring in the man or men that killed the sub-agent. Tell him to bring them in, dead or alive."

La Plunt translated word for word the Agent's instructions.

Old Thunder drew himself proudly erect. There was an odd mixture of pride and hatred in his voice as he answered.

"Tell the *wach-pachta* that before the next Chinook melts the snow outside his house, Old Thunder will bring in the men who killed the sub-agent. I have spoken!"

THE moon had risen when Old Thunder, staking his pony in a cut-coulee where the buckbrush was thick and the dry grass lay plentiful beneath the blanket of loose snow, made camp for the night. Quickly clearing a small space in the snow, he built his fire, filled a small tin pail with snow to melt for tea, and took a sack of jerked venison from his saddle. He filled the bowl of his pipe with a mixture of *kinnikinnik* and agency tobacco, and seated himself beside the fire to await the heating of the melting snow in the pail.

Far into the night burned his tiny camp fire. Wrapped in the folds of his heavy blanket, Old Thunder sat and smoked. Now and then he rose to place fresh sticks on the fire. Motionless as a figure of stone, his wide lips closed about the stem of his smoke-blackened pipe, the old man sat wrapped in deep thought.

Time and again a strange picture came to haunt his thoughts. The picture of two Indians, one young, the other old, standing beside the dead body of a girl that lay huddled beside the blossoming wild rose bushes. He heard again the sweet notes of a song bird and the voice of the old man, hoarse with grief, asking the Manitou to help him avenge the death of his daughter.

The sombre eyes of the policeman looked old and the flickering firelight, reflected in them, seemed to light in their depths the shadow of untold sorrow. Above, in the bare limbs of an old cottonwood, an owl voiced its mournful cry, and Old Thunder bowed his head.

Beneath the folds of his blanket, his fingers touched the buttons of his blue coat. Into his eyes crept a look of haughty pride in his past record as an Indian Policeman. He was duty-bound to obey the *wach-pachta's* orders, but in his heart was a deep sorrow.

Daybreak found the policeman and his pony breaking trail through the crusted snow. Steadily the white ball of sun rose in an overcast sky. Old Thunder, riding the ridges where the wind had bared the ground of snow, urged his pony forward. The slow trot of the pony seemed untiring and only at rare intervals did the pace slacken.

It was mid-afternoon when he pulled his pony to a halt on the long ridge above Lodge Pole. Far below lay the cluster of log buildings that was the sub-agency. Two miles to the east was the Assiniboine burial ground. For some minutes Old Thunder sat his horse in thoughtful silence, then turned his pony eastward, avoiding the sub-agency and heading directly towards the high knoll that marked the burial ground. His head bowed on his chest, he rode slowly up the draw to the top of the knoll. The pony came to a halt, and Old Thunder slid to the ground. He stood for a long time beneath the grave of the daughter of Takes the Shield, his gaze fastened on the fresh scalp that hung from the platform. Again deep sorrow filled the eyes of Old Thunder and he seemed very old and very tired as he walked towards his pony.

THAT night the old policeman made camp among the scrub-pines at the foot of the Little Rockies. That night Old Thunder made his medicine.

On the bald top of a wooded butte, wrapped in his blanket, the old Indian named two stars for the two men whom he sought, then seating himself, prepared to await the judgment of the Manitou. Far away in the night, from the direction of the burial ground, the howl of a wolf sounded. If Old Thunder heard, he gave no sign. Never did his gaze waver from the two stars he had named.

Minutes lengthened into hours before the Indian finally rose, his limbs cramped and stiffened from the cold, and descended to his camp. The two stars had fallen. Manitou had decided.

**"Let me know when you're tired holding my coat."**

But the heart of Old Thunder was on the ground. He shivered as the wind penetrated his blanket, chilling his aged bones to the marrow.

Dawn of a new day found him again on the trail. He now traveled on foot, using the snowshoes that had been tied to his saddle. In and out among the pines he moved, hunting for sign. It was not long before he found the trail he sought. Two pony tracks, coming into the hills, one behind the other. Further on, he came upon the blackened ashes of an abandoned camp fire. He pondered for some time over a strip of bloodstained cloth beside the cold fire. This bit of evidence explained to the trailer why the men traveled on horseback where it would have been better to go afoot. One of them was wounded. The end of the trail could not be far away.

Old Thunder moved more cautiously now. He stopped often, listening. Occasionally as he traveled, he slipped the buckskin sheath off the .45-90 he carried and warmed the mechanism with his blanket until the gun grease around the magazine lever grew soft and oily. Then he would slip the gun back in the sheath.

As darkness came on, the trail became more difficult to follow. He sat down. But he made no fire. He did not even light his pipe. Always his eyes swept the dark mountain side. Then he saw that for which he watched. A pin point of light, high up on the mountain. The policeman knew the exact location of the wood chopper's cabin, from where the light came, deserted save in summer. He rose and his feet pushed on swiftly.

Squatted on the dirt floor beside a small rust reddened stove were Takes the Shield and Spirit Boy. The older man gazed with sombre eyes into the shadow of the cabin. He was thinking of the fresh scalp that hung from the platform above his daughter's grave. His lips moved inaudibly and his long fingers carressed his knife hilt.

Opposite him sat Spirit Boy. The younger Indian's face was drawn with pain as he bound the swollen, frost-bitten wound in his thigh.

Outside in the snow, the buckskin scabbard fell from Old Thunder's long barreled rifle. For a full minute he crouched beneath the window, warming the breech with his hands and breath. The old rifle raised slowly. There came a dull click as his thumb pulled back the hammer. Then the sights lined with a spot on Takes the Shield's bared chest.

The tinkle of shattered glass was drowned in the roar of the rifle. Takes the Shield, a look of startled surprise in his widened eyes, pitched slowly forward and lay still, a thin crimson stream staining his chest.

Dazed by the unexpectedness of it, Spirit Boy sat for a second. His glance shot towards his rifle a dozen feet away, leaning against the wall. He sprang to his feet. A second roar obliterated the echoes of the first shot, and Spirit Boy fell face downward across the dead body of his father.

TELL the *wach-pachta* that before the next Chinook melts the snow outside his house, Old Thunder will bring in the men that killed the sub-agent."

This speech, interpreted by the half-breed La Plunt, came back to the Indian Agent as he watched the pinto pony of Old Thunder wallow through the melting drifts that covered the parade ground. Tied to the pony's tail was a second pony. The Agent's jaw dropped in astonishment as he made out the strange burden borne by the second pony.

Dragging head-downward in the snow, one on either side of the pony, their moccasined feet lashed to the horn of the empty saddle, were the stiffened bodies of Takes the Shield and Spirit Boy.

Old Thunder, Indian Policeman, had kept his word.

The white light of a winter moon shone coldly on the Assiniboine burial ground, causing the long poles and their burdens to cast weird, fantastic shadows on the snow-blotched ground. Beneath the two new graves, a gaunt wolf sat on his haunches, his nose lifted skyward, hungrily sniffing the night air.

Far below, beneath the naked branches of a giant cottonwood, a tiny fire burned. Beside the blaze, his head bowed in silent grief, sat Old Thunder. By his side, wrapped in a neat bundle, lay the well-worn coat of blue, and in its stead the old Indian wore the painted robe of his fathers. Old Thunder, Indian Policeman, had followed his last trail.

Then on the night air, weird, barbaric, came the death chant of an old squaw mourning her dead. Her wrinkled face streaked with death paint, heedless of the bitter cold, she swayed to and fro, the wind whipping her wisps of white hair about her face.

Thus mourned she who had borne two sons—Takes the Shield and Old Thunder.

—— o ——

## Spur Talk

(*Continued from page* 13)

a lot from the spurring. Slim got back on, but barely, his leg didn't swing over quite far enough. If Little Feller had been fresh he would have lost his rider right there—but, he wasn't fresh.

Slim spoke, and I could tell by the rasp of his voice that his throat was mighty dry. "This is it, you son-of-a-bitch." But in his cussin' I could hear respect.

The Appaloosa made only two more high, hard, honest jumps. I could hear his guts beat at his sides. Slim winced away from the jar when he hit. Then he struck him with the spurs once. He swung his legs out wide and dug the steel in where the horse's neck joined his shoulders. It popped almost like a gun, only not as sharp. The horse stopped again. There was no need to go any further. We turned around and came back through the same gate, only this time I opened it.

That night and for several, there in the bed-rolls, I could hear Slim moan, roll and talk to Little Feller. The next day Slim had me ride Little Feller back over to McDonald's. When I asked him if it would be all right, he said, "Why, sure."

He was right, but I wonder how he knew. Maybe Little Feller had told him that day over by the gate that he'd never buck again. One thing I know, if the horse did say anything, Slim would sure as all hell have understood, because he's the kind that talks horse language.


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## War Paint for Little Emma

(*Continued from page* 21)

**Engineer Henry Arbuckle, who piloted Little Emma's charge into the Apache horde.**

"Clean that damned ore train, Arbuckle. I want those cars and that peanut-roaster engine as bright as 'dobe dollars in the morning!" The foreman paused, then added: "Make it look good, and maybe he won't scrap that rusty junkpile!"

Arbuckle bristled, but kept his hands in his pockets. Sure, Little Emma was small—a boiler about 15 feet long and maybe five around. But four times a day the little locomotive pulled 12 loaded ore cars from the mountain-side mines to the smelters on the desert. As long as she kept the furnaces working on ore, size didn't really matter. But now, the foreman was planning to enlarge his smelters, perhaps to fire more ore than Little Emma could deliver. Tomorrow's visit by the "Super" would make the decision: probably for a bigger locomotive.

Arbuckle left the foreman's shack and walked to the narrow-gauge tracks where his ore train was waiting. He called to his Mexican fireman. "Find some rags, Pancho. If she's going to glory, let's make her glitter for the last trip!"

THE next morning, Little Emma glistened like a river-placered nugget. Black smoke from her roaring firebox billowed in sharp contrast over her shiny copper boiler. Arbuckle climbed into the cab, and his stoker scrambled up behind him. As her throttle went forward, Little Emma's pint-size pistons squeaked and wheezed, then responded to the push of power. Slowly, the miniature ore train rattled from the desert smelter yards.

Ahead, the thin rails were two steel snakes twisting up the mountainside, seven miles to the mines. The first two miles, before the tracks zigzagged upward, were a straight grade, ending in a long gorge which was called "The Cut."

When the long uphill climb was finished, the little engine braked to a screeching halt under the ore hoppers on the mountain's crest. As tons of rock poured into the cars, the hoistman bent close to Arbuckle's ear and shouted. "Seen a bunch of 'Paches down in The Cut yesterday. Looked like they was scoutin' Clifton." He dropped his hand to the six-gun on his hip. "If I was herdin' that ore-skinner, I'd carry a .45-iron!"

It was good advice. Apaches, under Geronimo, were raising hell with all white settlers. The bloody hit-and-ride raids, burned out mining towns, were frequent in the Territory. But Arbuckle figured himself an engineer, not an Indian fighter.

When the cars were filled, he pulled back the throttle. Little Emma strained against the load and the train picked up speed. The hoistman yelled, "Watch out for them Injuns," and the cars clattered away, down the twisting tracks.

Half an hour later, the train coasted across a level, rocky shelf, hung high on the cliffside. The rails were almost a mile above the desert floor, and Arbuckle and Pancho could see far across the shimmering sands. The fireman suddenly shouted and pointed down at the dark maw of the distant Cut. Arbuckle followed Pancho's excited finger. There was no mistaking the long column of mounted figures moving through the desert. Stabs of sunlight winked from lances and rifle barrels. It was a big Apache war party, hell-bent to cut some scalps.

Arbuckle braked Little Emma and her cars to a slower pace, and studied the Indian warriors. They were entering The Cut, and once within the high, concealing walls, the Apaches could sneak to the outskirts of Clifton, then hit with deadly surprise.

The engineer's jaw tightened. A mile below him was a massacre in the making. From his high perch, he was powerless—apparently—to warn anyone, to do anything. Little Emma's cheerful track music mixed in dischord with Arbuckle's thoughts of chilling Apache war whoops soon to come. Then, a picture of the narrow Cut and its confining cliffs flashed into his mind. If Little Emma and her loaded ore cars could . . .

Arbuckle whirled to his fireman. "Feed that box, Pancho! If she's going to hell, it won't be on a scrap pile. Keep her crammed with wood. We'll take her down fighting!"

Little Emma pulled against the ore-heavy cars. Thin steel sang under her wheels as her pistons hit a quickening tempo. The ore train left the level stretch and swung into the first curve. From there the tracks looped sharply downward in a succession of tight turns. Gravity added to Little Emma's power, and the train hurtled downtrack, rocking drunkenly and spewing chunks of ore as its cars squealed around hairpin bends. Soon, the Apaches would reach the middle of The Cut. Little Emma and her roaring load would have to catch them there.

ARIZONA'S first mining train set a new rail record for 1884, as it swept into the gorge. Flat on the wind behind Little Emma lay a long, black plume of smoke starred with angry sparks. More smoke ribboned from red-hot wheel bearings on every car. The Cut opened and swallowed the ore-loaded juggernaut.

Arbuckle lashed the throttle wide open with his belt. Then, suddenly, the mounted Apaches were dead ahead of Little Emma and her roaring cars. The Indians had seen the train and were milling in confusion to find a way of escape. But the sides of The Cut were sheer and pushed up hundreds of feet. The Apache warriors were hopelessly trapped.

The engine and twelve loaded ore cars, ramrodded by Little Emma's screaming pistons, hit the Indian war party. Horses reared and threw their painted riders under the smoking wheels. Indians flattened themselves against the gorge walls, but were crushed by the swaying cars. The huge battering-ram of ore-carriers charged on, smashing through the churning mass. Cries of men and horses hung in the air. Then it was quiet. The battle was done.

A few Apaches managed to squeeze by the ore train, shrieking in agony as Little Emma's steamy boiler seared their naked bodies, then fled toward the mountains. Uncertain of their victory, Arbuckle and Pancho kept rolling on into Clifton.

When Little Emma chugged into the smelter yards, the foreman was waiting. Beside him stood a fat Easterner, quite obviously the superintendent. In grim disgust, they watched the near-empty, dirty ore train pull to a stop: The foreman's face was the color of molten slag. As Arbuckle stepped down, a big hand grabbed him.

"Look at that damned engine!" Arbuckle twisted in the foreman's grips on his shirt front and looked.

Little Emma's burnished beauty was gone. The boiler was streaked in a crazy pattern of colors. A vivid red smear crossed the engine cab. There was a brilliant blob on the stack. The tiny engine was a wild mixture of dirt and color.

The foreman's fist was cocked and aimed at Arbuckle's nose, when the superintendent pushed Pancho forward. "This Mexican must be loco. He keeps talking about an Indian fight."

The foreman only glared and tightened his grip on Arbuckle. The "super" waved him back. "Wait a minute. Let's see if your engineer has an explanation for this."

When Arbuckle finished, the foreman's mouth hung open like an empty ore furnace. ". . . and as near as I can figure, the 'Paches left the paint on the engine when they squeezed by her." Slowly, the "super's" face creased with a wide grin.

"Mr. Arbuckle," he said loudly, "it's plain we owe our lives to you and your little engine." A thunder of cheers came up from the crowd gathered around the tiny locomotive.

"We had planned to—ah, retire your engine and get a bigger one," he continued. "But I think we can make her do the job with larger cars." He turned to the pint-size locomotive.

"She's won a real victory today. She deserves those colors. We'll leave 'em on, and call 'em warpaint . . . for Little Emma!"

—o—

"I prepared him all by myself."


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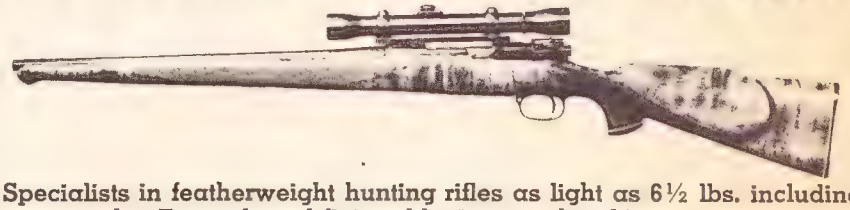

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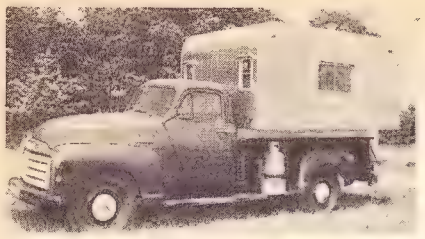

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## I Saw Them Kill Sam Bass

(*Continued from page* 15)

One thing is certain—of all the Bad Men Texas has ever produced or harbored or endured, Sam Bass stands head and shoulders above all, insofar as his fame is concerned. And you can call it fame, for to Texans Sam Bass is a hero, not a villain.

How can this be, when Bass wasn't even in the same class with some of the real Texas Bad Men? John Wesley Hardin, the most efficient killer of them all, could have made a monkey out of Sam Bass. And Hardin was no highway robber or train robber—he never robbed at all. He was a gambler, but not a robber. But as a killer he had no equal. As a mere boy he got the drop on Wild Bill Hickok with the Texas roll—so the story goes. The really Bad Men of the Old West were smart enough never to tackle him. It was only the climbers, the kids trying to make a reputation, who got drunk and tried him—and died.

Wesley Hardin was as hard as iron, as cool and calculating as a machine. The number of men he killed in his life will never be known exactly—he sort of lost count himself. But compared to Sam Bass, Hardin was a dub.

To Texans and to the people of the nation interested in Bad Men, Sam Bass is the glorious, romantic, dashing figure. Hardin isn't.

Even Bill Longley was a far more accomplished Bad Man than Sam Bass. And in modern times there was Clyde Barrow, the machine-gun killer. Yet many Texans today don't even place the name Clyde Barrow when you mention it.

But all Texans know about Sam Bass.

THIS "Yankee" bad man turned Texan came to the Lone Star State when he was a boy and worked hard and honestly for years, for Sheriff W. F. (Dad) Eagan at Denton. He then went west and north, still making his living honestly most of the time, until he went broke on a gold-mine venture in the Black Hill country.

Then Sam joined up with some other men and robbed a few stage coaches, topping that off by robbing the Union Pacific train at Big Springs, Nebraska There were six men in on the deal, and they got away with $60,000 in gold. Bass came to Texas, moved into the Denton country, where he knew all the hideouts, and soon the fun started. That was in the fall of 1877.

Bass's lasting fame rests on a robbing career of amazingly short duration in Texas, less than six months, only a "season." What caught the public fancy was the boldness of it, and the size of the army of law officers pursuing the elusive Bass and his gang.

Texas was simply amazed at the fact that this Bad Man could rob trains at will, right under the noses of all that army of "laws," and get away with it. It became a game—one that worked up into a sort of hysteria.

Bass & Co., as they were called, robbed four trains in less than two months. They took on a train of the Texas Central at Allen Station, another train of the same line at Hutchins a bit later, then switched to the Texas and Pacific at Eagle Ford and at Mesquite.

The gang would ride back into the forests and swamplands of Denton County, the country Sam Bass knew so well, after every robbery. The law would rush out and drag back—with no Sam Bass.

People began giving the robbers titles usually reserved for train crews—Sam Bass was the conductor, Frank Jackson the engineer. In addition to the "old faithfuls," Jackson and Seaborn Barnes, others in the gang at that time were Henry Underwood, Thomas Spotswood, Sam Pipes, and Arkansas Johnson.

The last robbery by the gang was on April 10, 1878. Two days later Major John B. Jones of the Texas Rangers was ordered to get Sam Bass & Co. Major Jones moved in—he put some order into the manhunt, even if he did use some high-handed means of doing it. He began slapping everybody he could think of—those who had harbored the gang or were suspected of it, even the lawyers who helped them—into jail.

Meanwhile the Rangers under Major Jones were putting on the pressure in a determined manhunt, and finally on May 12 the Rangers, under Capt. June Peak, ran into the Bass gang on Salt Creek, in Wise County, and killed Arkansas Johnson.

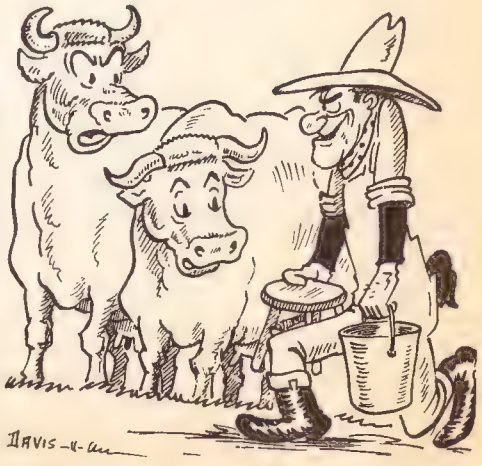
Other of Bass's men began to drop out—some because they were in jail. Still the wild excitement continued in the Lone Star State, and wild rumors added to the excitement.

AMONG those arrested by Major Jones in his sweeping drive to cripple Bass & Co. was James W. Murphy, charged with harboring the outlaw. Murphy's father was arrested, also. Probably out of concern for his father, Murphy offered to turn stool pigeon—to go and join Bass & Co., and deliver them.

It was a fantastic thing to attempt—and except for Sam Bass's utter scorn for the law it would never have worked. For Sam was tipped off about Murphy, and at first the gang decided to kill him. Frank Jackson is credited by Murphy with saving his life—and, according to Murphy, Jackson did it because he, too, wanted to get the hell out of the robbing business, probably by turning informer.

At least, Bass was half-way convinced that Murphy had agreed to turn informer merely to fool the Rangers, and Bass decided he would let Murphy prove himself by leading the gang in the next robbery.

It put Murphy in a hell of a spot—he



**"Watch him! He may try to pull something on you!"**

would have bullets whizzing at him from the front and, if he didn't shoot back, they'd be whizzing at him from behind. Those from the front might miss—those from behind wouldn't. They'd be at close range.

But Murphy managed to get a message to Major Jones when the gang stopped at Belton, and another message from Georgetown.

Then started the wild ride from San Saba across a hundred miles of foothill country to Round Rock. The Rangers didn't want to ride right into Round Rock in a body, for that would arouse suspicion and probably give Sam Bass & Co. warning. If Bass was anywhere around, he would have somebody on the watch.

So the Rangers camped at Four Mile Spring, out of Round Rock, and Lieut. N. O. Reynolds, in charge, set out for Round Rock in the light spring wagon in which he had made the trip because he was too sick to ride horseback. He figured the spring wagon wouldn't arouse suspicion.

WELL, J. B. Warden, the man who saw them kill Sam Bass, saw that spring wagon as he and his father were heading out of Round Rock, back up the trail. A short time later the senior Warden and his son came to the camp of the Rangers. One Ranger was peeling potatoes, another was cutting beef, another feeding horses. It was a peaceful camp scene. But all that changed when the senior Warden told the Rangers what had happened.

"There was one great big Ranger," Warden says, "who came and talked to us; and when Dad told him what had happened he got so mad he threw his hat down and stomped on it. I was afraid they were going to shoot us, all of them were so mad."

There was a big reward out for Sam Bass, dead or alive. And the Rangers had barely missed a chance to get in on it.

As for Sam Bass:

He rode out of town a mortally wounded man. Only a short distance from town, he told Frank Jackson he couldn't go any farther. He left his horse and crawled under the protection of the branches of a fallen tree.

Frank Jackson offered to stay with him. Bass said no. And Jackson rode on, never to be heard of again. Bass lay under the tree. He heard the posse pass, the one that was hunting for him. He heard the men return.

That night the men in the posse found out that a man only a short distance out of Round Rock had seen one man riding hell-for-leather, leading a saddled horse with nobody in the saddle. That meant Sam Bass was not far from Round Rock. The next morning the hunt was started again, with the Rangers in on it. Sam Bass heard them prodding around. He called to them and they answered his call. He was holding his hands up—he didn't want any more fighting.

They took him in to Round Rock and doctored him, then put him on the next train bound for Austin. He died on the way to the state capital. So they took him back to Round Rock and buried him.

The story of Sam Bass ended there.

The legend of Sam Bass started there. The legend, in story and in poem and in song, has been growing ever since. The outlaw is as much of a Texas hero today as Sam Houston or Davey Crockett—as much of a Texas hero as Robin Hood is an English hero.

JUST why it should be that way is one of those puzzling things that can't be explained. But it is.

Even J. B. Warden, who was there and saw them kill Sam Bass, and who knows that Sam Bass was just a robber and nothing more, shows a certain leaning toward the man he saw kill a deputy sheriff in cold blood.

When he talks of the actual shooting of Sam Bass, he says, "A lot of things have been told and written about Sam Bass, and now and then somebody will claim an uncle or other relative of his killed Sam. Nobody knows who killed Sam Bass. I was there and saw it. The ones who did the shooting were hid out of sight. Sam Bass never had a chance to fight back."

What kind of a chance to "fight back" are you supposed to give a robber and outlaw in order to keep him from becoming a hero in the eyes of the people?

Sam became a hero.

When his sister came to his grave not long after his death and had a tombstone put up, souvenir hunters gradually chipped it to pieces. When another tombstone was put up, it suffered the same fate.

But the chipping fad finally faded, and there is another tombstone on the grave.

On it is inscribed:

*Samuel Bass*
Born July 21, 1851
Died July 21, 1878

That was an unlucky birthday for Sam Bass. He should have stayed at home.

As for Jim Murphy, the informer, his ending proved what has been proved again and again down through history. There is no easy life for an informer. Murphy was a tortured, suffering man. He dreamed of Sam Bass's friends killing him. He cringed at the scorn and contempt of his fellow Texans, so plainly expressed. He went about begging for friendship, for jobs, for understanding.

Finally he could stand it no longer. He killed himself by taking poison. Even in that, he failed to measure up to the "Texas tradition"—he should have blown his brains out with a forty-five.

—— O ——

## Maximilian's Gold

(*Continued from page 27*)

ing the worst, but seeing no way of preventing it, he dropped out and watched the caravan lumber on up the trail.

It was the last time he ever saw any of them. For three days he was unable to travel, and when he did start he had to go slowly. Four days riding brought him to the wrecked caravan. There had been a battle. Evidently the guides had attempted to rob the caravan, and had succeeded. He found the bodies of the Austrian and his drivers where they had been buried, and nearby he located the loot which they had captured. Some of it they had evidently taken with them, but there was not room for all. And a fabulous fortune it was; gold, jewelry, and other treasures, belonging to the Emperor Maximilian. He made a map of the region and hastened on down the trail that his companions had taken.

Three days later he found them. too. The Comanches had ambushed them and

(*Continued on following page*)

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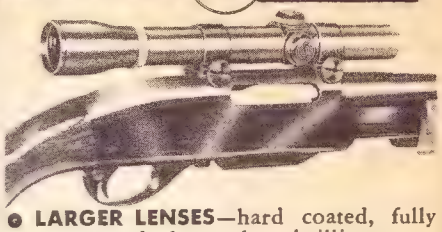
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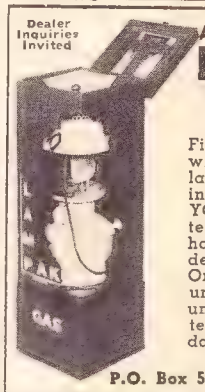
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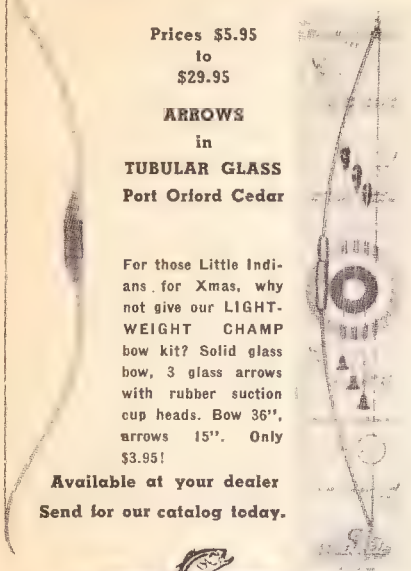

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## Maximilian's Gold

(*Continued from preceding page*)

killed every man. Their scalped bodies remained where they had fallen; some of the loot they had taken from the caravan lay beside them. Their horses were gone: this was probably what the Indians had been after, Murdock reflected. There were evidences that a renegade white man was with the Indians and leading them, but for some reason he had overlooked part of the plunder.

Murdock carried the treasure back to the scene of the caravan battle, and buried it all together, keeping out only as much as he could carry on his horse. Then, carefully guarding his map of the place, he slowly made his way to San Antonio. Apparently he planned to get a wagon and team and come back for his treasure, but he never did get back. Fresh outbreaks of Indian troubles, homesickness, the loss of his companions—these probably influenced him to decide to go back to his old home. So, instead of going on to Mexico, one summer morning he set his face toward Missouri. Doubtless he would return later.

On the road between Fort Worth and Denton, Texas, he camped one night with a group of strangers. He asked them few questions and accepted their invitation to eat and sleep with them. Before daylight he was aroused by a posse of hard-faced men; and by the time he was fully awake he found himself under arrest as the member of a gang of horse thieves. It did no good to protest that he did not even know his associates; he was arrested and lodged in the Denton County jail.

Almost immediately he again fell sick, but this time he did not recover. He did manage to get the jailer to call a doctor, who told him he was going to die. He also secured the services of a lawyer, who got him out of jail. But the only way he could pay his two friends was to give them the map of the treasure out in the Pecos region; his money had already disappeared or had been stolen. This he did, and in his last moments told them the story of the caravan and its end.

The doctor and lawyer, whose names are not revealed to us, made every effort to find the treasure. The lawyer secured an appointment as a federal judge in the Pecos area, and the doctor eventually moved to a nearby town. Both of them, plus their friends and descendants, hunted many times for the cache. Traces of the old wagon tires were found, we are told, also some remains of the wagons themselves. The map indicated that the burial was at the edge of a small pond of water fed by a spring flowing out of the side of a hill. But drifting sand had obliterated all marks.

And thus far no one has ever found the treasure. Maximilian, of course, was captured and shot by the Juaristas. And his crown jewels and other treasures lie buried under some pile of sand near the Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos River.

It is not difficult to find the Horsehead Crossing. Apparently it is not on a modern highway, but it *is* on the Pecos River. It is about twenty miles northwest of the town of Girven, which is a mile or so off the main Highway 67, southwest of McCamey. It lies at the western end of a twelve-mile canyon known as Castle Canyon.

In the old days the crossing was famous as the first watering place going west for about ninety miles. John Butterfield operated a stage line over the Castle Canyon route before the Civil War. In 1866 Charles Goodnight and Oliver Loving drove a herd of cattle over the region, watering their almost-starved herd at the place. The trail, which followed up the Pecos, went on up into New Mexico from the Horsehead Crossing.

Many hunters have looked for the treasure, in widely scattered areas. There is a rough, rocky ridge some ten miles north and a little west of McCamey, Texas, where hunters for Maximilian's treasure have literally dug up hundreds of acres of ground. Natives of the area say that one party came all the way from Austria, searching for the treasure. Some hunters have gone so far as to blast into solid rock with dynamite.

Most of this digging has been done at the southern entrance to Castle Gap, a pass in the King Mountains, which are just south of Castle Mountain. The Old Chihuahua Trail leads through this pass, the same trail over which came salt-haulers from Mexico City to get salt from the lake deposits not far north of the King Mountains.

Perhaps they were on a warm trail; perhaps not. If we are to believe the old yarn, the treasure lies buried in what was once a little stream flowing out of the side of a hill not far from the Old Horsehead Crossing.

Maybe somebody will find it some day. Maybe it is just a legend. *Quien Sabe?*

—— o ——

## Bunkhouse Yarns

(*Continued from page* 18)

"Johnny's hoss is getting winded and Johnny's so busy trying to set in the middle of him he ain't got time to do much else, but he knows it's either do something, or throw the race to the cat. So giving his hoss the spurs, Johnny tries to outrun him, and he don't figger to lose his rope this time either. But when he looks back, he sees Mr. Cat, loping along plumb healthy.

So pulling his gun. Johnny don't aim; he just sort of pushes it behind him and pulls the trigger. Right away the slack goes out of his rope, and Johnny swore he hits that cat square between the eyes."

"Well," says Jack Burns, "that could have been an accident, but I saw a shot one time that if it was a accident, the feller who made it sure didn't want me to know it.

"The winter of '98-9, I'm breaking hosses for the old V Up and V Down out-

**"The new rider said he might be a bit rusty."**

fit. Staying at the hoss camp with a feller by the name of Smith. Wolfer Smith, we called him, and he could come about as near to outsmarting a wolf as any man I ever see. He's trapping wolves for the outfit, running his trapline south about twenty mile.

"There is a French breed running another trapline for the old Bar C ranch. His line runs up to Smith's, so they meet and get acquainted. French drops into our camp once in a while and him and Smith argue guns half the night.

"Now Smith packs an old 45-70 Springfield needle gun; French uses a Sharpes 45-90, a regular cannon. Has a bore that would scare a man to death, just to look into it. Well, from the shots these two wolfers claim to have made, a man wouldn't be safe from either one of 'em, even if he was in the next county.

ONE night Frenchy spins a tall one. Claims he's coming to his camp along about dusk when he jumps some elk. They've got his wind and are easy spooked. There's a big four-point in the bunch. French decides he wants that one. But it's late. Frenchy won't have time to get such a heavy batch of meat into camp before dark, and if he leaves it on the ground, the coyotes will have it et up before morning. So Frenchy slips around the elk. Gets them between him and a lot of heavy pine and waits till they graze to the edge of the timber. Then he shoots his bull. The bull jumps, hangs his horns in a tree, and there he swings, safe from the coyotes till morning.

"Well, this is better shooting than Smith's done, and I rawhide him about it. Ain't he a better shot than Frenchy? Smith gets sore, but he can't think of a better shot to shoot or a better lie to tell.

"Well, comes spring, after a hard winter. We're short on meat. I'm out one morning, taking the kinks out of a new bronc. About a mile from camp I spy a bunch of antelope. As all I carry is a six-gun that won't reach, I head back for camp to bring up Smith and his cannon.

"On the way back out, Smith starts complaining about his eyesight. Eyes been bothering him all winter; now the sun's blinding him. I get him ringy by telling him that if this was Frenchy, he wouldn't be complaining. Time we get in sight of the antelope, he's mad clear through.

"The antelope bunch is so far off they look like gnats. But Smith don't wait. I've got him in a killing frame of mind, and right here's where he'll show me. He skins his gun out of the scabbard, steps off his hoss, and without taking a rest over nothing, let's go.

"For a minute, the smoke hides everything. Then, looking through the haze, I'm pretty sure there's one down. It's hard to believe, shooting at that distance, but it's worth a look.

"Well, sure enough, when we ride up, there lays Mr. Antelope, deader than a skinned coyote.

"Getting off his hoss, Smith goes up and turns him over. The shot gets him right behind the ear. The way Smith's bent over, I can't see his face, but when he rises, he's frowning and running a finger over his gun sight.

" 'Kid', he says, and I never see a man look more sober, " 'Kid, I got to do something about that rear sight. I aimed at his eye!' "

—o—

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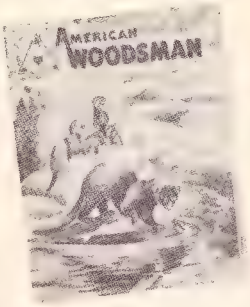


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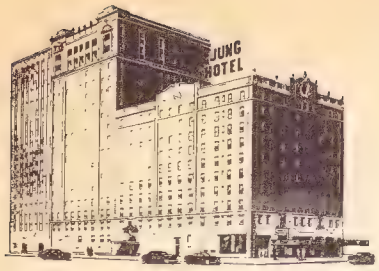


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## Two Gun Marshal

(*Continued from page 23*)

"You've been twisting that testimony around, damn your Dutch soul!" Hale snarled at Krempkau.

"I've been interpreting just what the Mexican witnesses testified," Krempkau shrugged, quietly enough.

Hale's anger was fanned by the ex-ranger's very quietness. Suddenly, in the middle of his tirade, Hale's hand whipped to his Colt butt. Out snapped the six-shooter. There was the—to El Paso—familiar roar of a pistol shot. Stoudenmire, thirty or forty yards away, whirled at the bellow of the shot.

There stood Johnnie Hale over Krempkau's body. Hale's Colt vaguely menaced the air before him. Up from the muzzle drifted a thin, bluish wreath of smoke.

Stoudenmire went into action precisely like a spring released. Back under the skirt of his coat his big hands flashed. Out of the leather-lined hip-pockets, which he preferred to holsters, flashed the twin Colts which El Paso had never seen in action. He ran back toward the murder scene.

Johnnie Hale showed, right here, lack of caliber. If he intended to resist arrest, flashing speed was his only chance. If he intended to surrender, his play was to drop that Colt and whip his hands upward. He did neither. Vaguely, he moved the six-shooter. Stoudenmire, on the run, opened fire.

His first shot missed Hale narrowly. An over-curious Mexican standing there, eating peanuts and gaping, dropped dead. But the second bullet sent Hale crashing down to join Krempkau.

Now, ex-marshal George Campbell also showed extreme lack of judgment. He whipped out his pistol, with what notion nobody will ever know. He began to back away, gunmuzzle weaving to and fro. He said, half-absently, aloud, "This is not my fight."

Stoudenmire knew the friendliness existing between Campbell and the Mannings; between Campbell and Johnnie Hale. There was Campbell, who certainly had no kindly feeling toward him, with a pistol drawn. Stoudenmire turned the merest trifle and thumbed back the big hammer of a .45. With the roar of his third shot, down went Campbell—and you could call that one "suicide"!

In hardly five full seconds, four men had died there. Even in old El Paso, that was worth talking about for a day or two, over the drinks at the Acme, the Senate, or the Coliseum.

THE city fathers, in the main, nodded their heads in quiet satisfaction. Not because occasion had risen in which the marshal must kill two gunmen, but because their judgment of him had proved correct; because he had shown the town's shady element that he could and would handle the roughest characters.

But there were some who, while admitting that the town had a liberal number of hard cases who understood force alone, would not admit that Stoudenmire had been justified in shooting. Just what he should have done they didn't trouble to specify. They rested on the assertion that there was some other way.

Chief of these dissenters was one of the oddest characters in El Paso, or in any other western town of the day—the professional politician, W. W. Mills, who admitted that he was "the county's Republican Party." In all those times, Mills held some sort of political job and was always looking for one a little better. He was a man of violent antipathies, of education, of amazing ability to believe that whatever he thought right could not possibly be anything but right. And he wanted, just then, to be marshal. But if that proved impossible, the next best thing in his opinion would be the ousting of Stoudenmire. In this, he had the vigorous support of such sports as the Mannings.

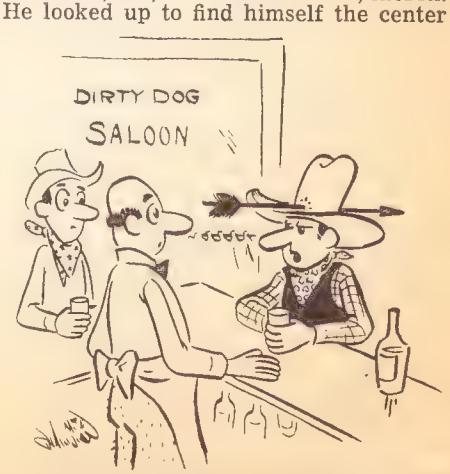
Mills, almost needless to state, had no intention whatever of facing Stoudenmire. Besides, that is never the method of the politician. But Mannings, Jim and Frank, were intensely bitter about the double killing of their two friends. None can prove their connection with any of the schemes by which Stoudenmire's assassination was attempted. But certainly they talked loudest; and certainly they were regarded as leaders of the anti-Stoudenmire clique.

In the most egotistical little book in all this world, his reminiscences, Mills remarked that he now found a way to let the council rid itself of Stoudenmire—a riddance which, because he desired it, must of course be desired by every one! He appeared before mayor and council with a telegram from the United States marshal in New Mexico, stating that Stoudenmire had accepted appointment as his deputy. This, Mills informed the council, was equivalent to Stoudenmire's resignation.

The council declared the office of city marshal vacant. With smooth speed that smacks of the cut-and-dried, Alderman Hague nominated Mills. But Stoudenmire then stated that he was resigning as deputy U. S. marshal. He was renominated as city marshal. The nominations came to a vote. Mills waited and, to his intense amazement, when the vote stood four and four, Mayor Magoffin quickly cast the deciding vote in Stoudenmire's favor.

There can be little doubt that this politics had effect upon Stoudenmire's enemies of the sporting crowd. It made plain that, if Stoudenmire were downed, not too much study would be made of the manner of his killing. Not with so many politicians anxious for his removal. The sporting crowd looked around for a tool. They found him very quickly.

He was sitting as Stoudenmire had found him—Bill Johnson, the leading drunkard, the, in a modern term, moron. He looked up to find himself the center




**"Yup, first I noticed it when I tried to tip my hat!"**

of an admiring, but a sorrowful crowd. They were buying drinks, too! They loaded him and as he drank, they told him that Stoudenmire had frightfully affronted him. Stoudenmire had no right to shake him as if he were a cur dog; to make him an outcast in the community's eyes! The only way he could square himself was by killing Stoudenmire.

Johnson nodded boozily. Then he would kill Stoudenmire. His new friends planned the manner of it.

IN THE '20s, the run of the town was from Neal Nuland's Acme Saloon on San Antonio Street near the present Mesa Avenue, west to El Paso Street, thence south for hardly more than three blocks. A sort of L-shaped midway. At the time of Bill Johnson, there was a pile of brick at the corner of San Antonio and El Paso Streets. Behind this heap of brick one night the plotters posted Bill Johnson with a double-barreled shotgun.

Stoudenmire came down San Antonio from the Acme. Across El Paso Street from the brick-pile was a building with a long gallery over the sidewalk. The roof of this gallery was supported by great 'dobe pillars. Behind these pillars the stalwarts of the sporting crowd posted themselves, in case of any slip-up at Johnson's position.

Stoudenmire walked straight toward the ambuscade. At twenty-five feet Johnson stood up and let drive at the huge figure with both barrels of the shotgun. Amazingly drunk he must have been; for he missed. Stoudenmire spun upon his heel and out flashed the twin silver-plated .45s. With the bellow of them, right-hand, left-hand, Johnson dropped, literally shot to pieces.

Now, the brave bushwhackers behind the pillars opened up. They sent a hail of lead at Stoudenmire, who was out in the open, his only breastwork the Colts in his hands. Stoudenmire roared like a bull, for a bullet had struck him glancingly on the heel. Straight across El Paso Street he charged, into the orange-spangled darkness of that gallery, into that rain of slugs. He found nothing but empty, powder-reeking darkness.

Stoudenmire, with or without reason, believed that the Mannings were responsible for the ambuscade. He had a real deputy now, that curly-haired young veteran of the rangers, ex-Sergeant Jim Gillett. It was in Gillett's capable hands that Stoudenmire left El Paso in February, '82, when he went back to East Texas to be married. Two days after his departure, Gillett went to bed, sick. Stoudenmire's brother-in-law, Doc Cummins, took it upon himself to represent the marshal's office.

He rammed a pair of .45s into his pants pockets. First he went to Bill Coffin's Old Boss Saloon at Overland and El Paso Streets, almost opposite the Mannings' Coliseum. He had a drink and another and some more. He said that he was going over and clean out the damned Mannings.

He might have done it, had he let his .45s talk for him. But word of his coming went ahead. Argument still rages over the time he lasted, when he walked into the Coliseum. It was between nine and ten seconds. A bartender is supposed to have done the killing but Jim Manning assumed responsibility.

Stoudenmire and Cummins had been the closest friends. And when the marshal came back, to hear from Gillett about the killing, he raved like a madman. But he was persuaded not to go gunning for the Mannings. Cummins had brought his fate down on his own head.

So strained were relations between Stoudenmire and the sporting crowd that El Paso walked on tiptoes, ready to dive for shelter.

So by the efforts of cool heads, an agreement was reached between the two factions. A remarkable document was signed.

> We, the undersigned parties, having this day mutually settled all difficulties and unfriendly feelings existing between us, hereby agree that we will meet and pass each other on peaceable terms and that bygones shall be bygones, and that we will never allude in the future to any past animosities that have existed between us.

Signed by Stoudenmire, by Jim, Frank and Dr. G. F. Manning, it seemed an agreement fair enough. But when did a statement that "bygones shall be bygones" actually wipe out animosity and scars?

STOUDENMIRE was not a man whose emotions showed much. But something was worrying him. He drank heavily. He became quarrelsome. The council asked finally for his resignation. He handed it to them, then stood glowering around at them all.

"You haven't treated me fairly," he rumbled. "And I can straddle the bunch of you."

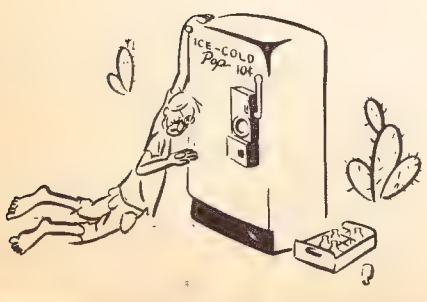
Jim Gillett was chosen as his successor. Let it be said here that in one respect only, in utter fearlessness, did he resemble his predecessor.

Stoudenmire, taking commission as deputy U. S. marshal, congratulated Gillett. Soon after, he went out of town on business. Coming back from Deming, he reached town between midnight and dawn of September 18, 1882. He wanted a drink. He went into the Mannings' saloon. No credible report is available as to what occurred there.

But when Marshal Gillett came on duty very early that morning the first sight to greet his eyes was Stoudenmire, reeling down the middle of El Paso Street. He was going home, so Gillett stepped back and let him go.

When Jim and Frank Manning came to their saloon and were told by the bartender that Stoudenmire had been there, "looking for them," they flared up. Jim went straight to the Acme Saloon pro-

(*Continued on following page*)

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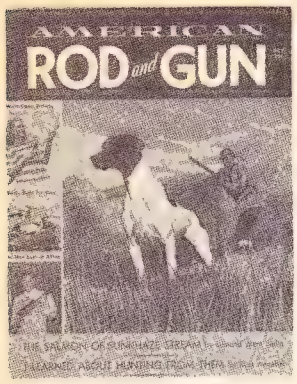


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## Two Gun Marshal

(*Continued from preceding page*)

claiming that he was going to shoot it out with Stoudenmire. But Stoudenmire was home, asleep.

The Acme's owners, Nuland, Brooks and Jones, were all from Colorado County, and old friends of Stoudenmire. So, when he came downtown in mid-afternoon, he headed straight there. And the partners reproached him for hunting trouble with the Mannings.

"Why, I wasn't hunting them!" he protested. "I wanted a drink and that was the only place open. I'll go down and tell them how it was."

Jones, who had been a deputy of Stoudenmire's, and who is recalled as a brave, dependable man, said he would go with him. They found Jim Manning at the bar and Dr. G. F. Manning playing billiards. Stoudenmire went up to Jim and said that someone had been spreading lies. He asked for Frank Manning. He wanted to tell the three brothers, all together, what had happened.

"Frank's in the gaming-room. I'll go get him," said Jim.

But as Jim went out, Dr. G. F. dropped his cue and came up to Stoudenmire. He was a small man, but one of cold nerve.

Dallas," he said grimly, "you broke your agreement."

"Whoever says I did tells a damned lie!" Stoudenmire flared.

INSTANTLY, both men went for their guns. Walt Jones risked his life to jump between them. But he was hurled back. In the scuffle, Manning got his pistol out first. He was using a double-action .44. He fired straight at Stoudenmire's breast. The slug hit a large pocketbook and a packet of letters. It glanced off. But Dr. Manning pulled the trigger again. He wounded Stoudenmire in the left arm and breast, near the shoulder.

Stoudenmire had brought a pistol to bear on Manning. He shot him through the right arm above the elbow, knocking the little doctor's weapon from his hand. Instantly, Manning jumped at Stoudenmire, throwing both arms around the huge figure.

The locked figures reeled about the barroom in a waltz of death. They staggered to the street door and through it. Gillett and Ranger Joe Deaver were almost knocked down as they tried to get to Stoudenmire and Manning, who were out on the sidewalk now.

They struggled through the runners. They were within thirty feet of the struggling pair when Jim Manning jumped out of the gambling room with a pistol. He had only Stoudenmire's head for a target; his first shot missed and splintered a barber-pole. His second bullet struck Stoudenmire in the temple. As he fell dead, he dragged Dr. Manning down with him. The doctor snatched up one of Stoudenmire's pistols. He began to beat Stoudenmire over the head with it. Gillett and Manning pulled him off.

Jim Manning was tried and acquitted. The Mannings and Stoudenmire had made so many threats that El Paso had expected nothing but an armed collision and the citizens were relieved that no non-combatant had been killed in their battle.

It was not the end that Stoudenmire would have chosen; hardly the end that so brave and straightforward a man deserved. But he had enemies who certainly did not intend that he should live.

It seems to me that the opinion of Captain Gillett is one carrying weight, and he says emphatically that with all his faults, Stoudenmire was a splendid marshal for the El Paso of '81 and '82. He faced hard cases with only partial support from the so-called and self-styled "better class." And he performed every detail of his hard, thankless job without fear and without favor. In my gallery of gunfighters, he ranks high!

—— o ——

## Plainsman In a Hurry

(*Continued from page* 19)

From Fort Dodge, the trail traced its wagon ruts beside the Arkansas River to Pawnee Rock, where another band of Indians turned up. A rain of arrows whistled around Aubrey. One cut his arm. His frightened horse raced ahead and again outdistanced his pursuers. The Indians had disappeared by the time he reached Cottonwood Creek.

Aubrey was eating up the distance to Independence at a faster clip than he had accomplished on his previous race against time. He changed horses four times before he reached the halfway mark.

The pounding of hoofs became a subconscious tattoo, as steady as the weary beat of his heart. Thirst dried his throat, as he moved from waterhole to waterhole across the plains. Now south of the Kansas River . . . past Diamond Springs, Council Grove, and finally on Saturday afternoon his destination came into view.

He rode into the town square in mid-afternoon, beating his six-day deadline by five hours. He was just five days and 19 hours from Santa Fe, averaging 138 miles a day—a record still unsurpassed in equestrian history. (In 1851, the renowned Western character, "Uncle Dick" Wootten rode from Raton, N.M., to Kansas City in seven days, but that was a day longer and more than a hundred miles shorter.)

Aubrey used 11 horses to win the second wager.

When he slipped from the saddle at Independence, he hadn't slept for 56 hours. Bystanders said later that he was sound asleep the instant he touched the ground.

—— o ——

**"Shucks, gal, don't know what you see in me! I play the guitar a little, roll a fair cigarette, and own a string of oil wells!"**

# Truly Western

(*Continued from page 4*)

**day wagon ride and had sipped the bottle as they rode.**

**Why didn't they get out of there when they heard that a wagon-load of marshals were on the way? We're just telling you what one of the citizens of the town at the time of the fight told us.**

**Another eye witness, Mr. Albert Briggs, 1356 Tuolumne St., Vallejo, California, was the son of Dr. Briggs, who was in the actual fight. He was six years old at the time. He and his brother were in the street playing when it happened. The last shot fired in the fight wounded his brother, Frank, in the shoulder. He read E. J. Selph's letter and said, "These are the true facts. Right now, I can't think of a thing to add to that letter. He's got it summed up about as good as can be done. That's the way it happened.**

Gentlemen:

I received my copy of TRUE WEST yesterday. You ask about the Rose of Cimarron. I lived in the Cherokee Nation in the '90's when the Newcomb gang was in its hey-day. I never heard of the Rose of Cimarron until it was in TRUE WEST. It was known in that part of the country as the Newcomb gang more often than the Doolin gang. We homesteaded in the Cherokee Nation at that time, and I am writing of the times when we lived there. We lived seven miles northwest of Nowata on the road to Bartlesville.—Mrs. R. L. Duke, XIT COWHANDS ASSOCIATION, 705 Denver Avenue, Dalhart, Texas.

Dear Mr. Gipson:

I have just read your magazine for August-September with two articles about the Rose of Cimarron. I can make a number of corrections in both articles, and I believe I can *document* my statements better than either of these.

Further, as to the "Parker Story," as I wrote a full book, *Quanah, the Eagle of the Comanches,* which also I can document, I can correct a number of errors in the story you print. Just one instance, Quanah and the Quahadas are said to have surrendered in 1869; in fact, it was 1875 (U.S. Government records).

However, in this current issue, in Glenn Shirley's article, he by very plain implication, accuses me of plagiarism "often word for word." I wish that in your next issue you would print the correction which follows.

In 1914-15, my husband, Bill Tilghman, directed the production of a moving picture, entitled *The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws.* For this purpose the Eagle Film Company was organized. E. D. Nix, Chris Madsen, and one or two others were in it, but the actual work was done by and under Bill. The main reason they made this film was that they were all disgusted at the story "Beating Back," published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, pretending to be the story of Al Jennings—*every word true.* With three or four basic facts, it was crude fiction that would not hang together in itself, with various absurdities and impossibilities—a *puff ball* in January. Accordingly, these former officers were determined to make a film that was really true.

When the film was done, Mr. Tilghman, also had prepared advertising, such as posters, handbills, etc. He also had a newspaper man, Richard S. Graves, write up the material which Tilghman furnished him. This was no more authorship by Mr. Graves than when an executive, going through his mail, tells his secretary, "Write them we will investigate the matter." The secretary words the letter properly. Mr. Tilghman paid Graves for his work.

Bill then had this book printed at a job shop in Oklahoma City and when the picture was exhibited, these books were sold in the theaters. The book never was "published." It never was offered for sale except with the picture showing. The title was the same as the picture, but everyone spoke of it as The Little Red Book, from its red paper cover. At the time of his death we had a good many on hand, and for some years I had calls for it until the stock was exhausted. Bill did not copyright it, as it was just part of the show advertising.

A few years after his death, the president of the Harlow Publishing Company, where I worked as an editor, told me that a wholesale news dealer would like to have a lot of such books for sale in trains and newsstands. He suggested that I revise it and they would print it under my name. They considered the name Tilghman as an asset. This I did.

The book was poorly arranged, parts about the Daltons, for instance, being stuck here and there, unconnected. So I took two copies of the book, and cutting out pages that were satisfactory, I pasted them in connected order, writing such other stuff as seemed desirable. I did not, of course, regard this as much authorship, but it was my property, and I had every right to revise and reissue it as I chose. The new title was OUTLAW DAYS IN OKLAHOMA, and it bore my name.

The man Newsome had previously published his book, paid for by himself, and in it had incorporated a good deal of the Little Red Book. If there was any plagiarism, he is the one who did it.

I trust you will print this correction and statement of the facts about it. As author of six books already printed, and two more in the hands of the publisher, also as I have some reputation in this part of the country as an honest person and an authentic writer, I feel that I should have this sly mud-slinging stopped.—Mrs. Wm. M. Tilghman, 3130 N. Barnes, Oklahoma City 12, Oklahoma.

Dear Fred:

In re: Glenn Shirley's "Rose of Cimarron Myth" in September:

While not considering him an Iconoclast (one of those frustrated fellas who wait until all the actors in a drama are dead before they pick up their hammer) he may not be adverse to planting a bit of publicity for that book he hopes to see sprout come fall.

"The Unassigned Lands" as the government titled it, or "The Oklahoma Country" as the settlers called it, was about 66 miles long by 42 miles wide, embracing what are now a half dozen counties around the present Oklahoma City, which was opened to settlement at noon April 22, 1889. It was a fatal date for many a cowboy who suddenly found himself without a job and no place to go.

The Dalton and Doolin gangs were riding high in the '90's and Deputy U. S. Marshals became grasshopper-plenty. Heck Thomas came over from the Indian Territory to team with Bill Tilghman and Chris Madsen, forming a trio

(*Continued on following page*)

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Now for the happy note. We caught on after publishing the second issue! We've printed plenty extras of Nos. 3, 4 and 5. So order as many of these as you wish at the regular rate of 25c each. For Nos. 1 and 2, $1.00 each.

Use the coupon, listing those you want by number. To answer many questions, the issues shown above (and the one you have in your hands, of course!) represent the complete file of TRUE WEST.

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## Truly Western

*(Continued from preceding page)*

that attained national fame as "The Three Guardsmen," the title given them by newsman John Golobie. Another great marshal was John Hixon, father of A. C. "Alf" Hixon, with whom I was well and personally acquainted.

In his later years Chris Madsen enjoyed talking of early-day happenings, and he was the greatest de-bunker since Bunker Hill. He was as objective as a Colt .44—and as honest. The Rose of Cimarron saga was old enough to vote before Graves, who in all probability got it direct from Marshal Tilghman, published it in 1915. Never to my knowledge did Mr. Madsen doubt it.

It seems to me that Shirley's piece takes a decided turn for the worse with the words:

"Only by accident did Nix learn that the band was making the place its headquarters." It gets no better with the entrance of Deputy Sheriff Bob Andrews and Ragged Willy—Doolin's hair was brown, not red. "He told the deputy to handcuff his man, then ordered Bitter Creek to get their horses, and the two outlaws rode out a short distance with the deputy and his prisoners." Ye gods! Why?

United States Marshal "Ed" Nix had reliable friends in Payne County to keep him informed of goings-on in that section; among them was Frank C. Orner, Rip McGinty and Bill Knipe.

Mr. Orner had worked in the country ostensibly as a cowboy, as an agent for the U. S. Secret Service. He homesteaded near Cimarron City (later to become Perkins) at the "openings." He took an active part in bettering community affairs by serving on school and township boards, and was a member of the Twelfth Oklahoma Legislature.

McGinty was a merry man who grew up somewhere between Ingalls and the Cimarron and who it is said earned the nickname of "Rip" while acting as courier for Teddy Roosevelt in Cuba in 1898. While I haven't seen him in far too many years, I do know that he was a wide-awake person knowing many things concerning early day happenings in his neck of the woods.

Then there was Bill Knipe of Perkins who, if living, could tell many an interesting story. He was so popular with Guthrie newsmen that Frank H. Greer, publisher of THE OKLAHOMA STATE CAPITAL, dubbed him "Mr. Perkins of Knipe." It was he who kept his town on the map.

No, Nix did not have to depend on ragamuffins for news.

What happened to Rose? I do not know. I do know that she was brought to Guthrie in protective custody, let us say, along with the Ingalls prisoners and as I've heard times without number, Mrs. A. C. Hixon, John Hixon's daughter-in-law, at once became interested in her behalf. Mrs. Hixon, a member of the Acorn Club—Guthrie's first social and study club—aided by other prominent members, managed to keep her out of jail—the Federal jail whose history is unique. Rose was not sent to the reformatory at Framingham, Massachusetts. She was at the Dally Hotel a short while. Then, as silently as an Indian, she vanished.—Russell Adams, 511 E. Harrison, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Dear Fred:

Referring to the story about Cynthia Ann Parker by Mr. Andrews, in which

he says that her capture by Col. Sul Ross and his Rangers was "several miles from the Wichita River," it was indeed, for the battle occurred on the Pease River. Many years ago, the writer drove from Crowell to Quanah and crossed the Pease River. The driver of the car was an old timer and stated that the battle occurred at or near the crossing. The location is very badly broken by breaks or badlands. You will find a very interesting and correct history of her capture related in James T. DeShields' little book entitled "Cynthia Ann Parker." Mr. DeShields is also the author of several Texas books; one in particular, "Border Wars of Texas," also relates the fight at Parker's Fort, Cynthia Ann's capture by the Indians, and years later her capture by Col. Sul Ross's Rangers in the Pease River battle.

The picture of the dead body of Bill Doolin with his chest full of buckshot holes reminds me of a story told to me years ago in Casper, Wyoming, by a saddle and harness maker. He was a "Tejano" who went to the Indian territory as a young man, worked as a cowboy, and claimed to have known many of the old time outlaws. There was a large reward offered for Doolin's capture "dead or alive." The story of his death, at the hands of a U. S. Marshal as Doolin was returning to his hideout in a cave on a hilltop (after a visit to see his mother and child) is false, the harness maker claimed. He said Doolin died of T.B. and the Marshal fired his shotgun into the outlaw's chest after he was dead! The saddle maker said that he had seen many men killed by gun wounds and the wounds would close up if inflicted while the person was alive. When he viewed Doolin's body, the shot holes were open.

It is evident from the picture of Doolin that he had some kind of a wasting disease, judging from the emaciated condition of his body. As the Latin-Americans say *"quien sabe?"* Am looking forward to receiving the next issue.—John Fox, 4059 Mt. Vernon Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Ed:

The *San Angelo Standard-Times* has just printed a special 70th Anniversary Edition. It was packed with west-Texas history. There are a few facts about the "Parker Story" which appeared in it that Harry Andrews failed to fill in. Quanah Parker was made head chief of the Comanches by the government following the death of "Kicking Bird" who was poisoned by a Mexican woman captive. These, and Mr. Andrews' facts, do not match each other. Mr. Andrews failed to tell us that Quanah Parker was appointed by the government, and he completely missed the boat on the item about the chief's death. I would certainly take the *Standard's* word for it, and I think maybe you would too, since you were with the *Standard* for a good while.

I am 15 years old, and I enjoy your magazine very much—except for a few neglected or mistaken facts such as the ones in the Cynthia Ann Parker story. —Robert L. Hardgrave, Jr., Sonora, Texas.

Publisher's Note:

By golly, they really got us ducking bullets, eh? We just can't get by with NUTHIN! Not that we're *trying* to get by, but we got a bigger bear by the tail than we'd aimed to capture. We sort of thought he was a gentle cub to start with, but blamed if he hasn't turned out to be a roaring, biting, scratching, ringtailed snorter that we can't turn loose *of!*

My grandma Watson always said confession is good for the soul. So, with view to doing a little soul-healing, let's get some explanations done. To begin with, TRUE WEST was under-staffed, under-financed, under-nourished, and any other terms you might think of that might outline a rather weak beginning. We thought we'd have plenty of time to build up gradually, adding to the staff, enlarging, constantly improving.

THEN IS WHEN THE BOMB HIT! Our first issue came out and we were swamped with letters, stories, personal visits, telephone calls—it was like a dam busting. You could handle the little stream that had trickled from the outlet, but a fifty foot tidal wave . . .

And it has continued that way. We hardly have time to eat. Our kids are getting ornery because we haven't had time to whup 'um. Letters keep falling in like smothering snow, manuscripts have us digging trails in the office to get to desks—and you boys keep hollering for us to go to a monthly!

It's just the old, old story of growing too fast for our pants.

Give us a little more time. Not much. We're adding to our staff. The money's coming in better. And we're going to hire some research experts, so help me! One of these days pretty soon you're going to have real trouble finding a mistake in TRUE WEST (it says here—sounds good, anyhow!)—well, as far as we can humanly make it so.

One thing I want you to watch for—the quality of our articles is going to improve constantly. Compare this issue with the last—and the next with this one. You didn't grow to be a big old mistake-finding adult in two weeks, did you? See what I mean? All we need is a little more time. And dollars! And maybe *sense,* too . . .

Keep pointing out those mistakes. And better do it now while the pointing's good. We aim to make it hard hunting for you come a few more months.

I done had my say so I'll shut up now. —Joe.

**Now For the Posies**

After reading all the above letters, it's sure a relief to read the following:

Dear Fred:

Thanks for the card showing that I have not missed a copy of your magazine. I thought that since I had not received a copy of TRUE WEST since the Spring issue I had missed a lot of excellent reading and a hell of a lot of reminiscing. I love to browse back through all the old issues and read the stories over and over again.

It is certainly great that you have come up with a magazine of the caliber that you have. When I subscribed to it I thought that it was just another of these fly-by-night issues that creep into print in some way but after the first copy I found that I was greatly disillusioned. You are certainly doing a great job and I wish you much success. If some of your readers would just read the magazine and enjoy it as it is instead of bitching about authenticity down to the most minute detail, maybe the rag would be a monthly a lot sooner!—Ed Keith, General Delivery, Dalton, Georgia.

Dear Sirs:

Your last issue was really a good one.

*(Continued on following page)*


MEN PAST 40

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## Truly Western

*(Continued from preceding page)*

It must really be a job to try and figure out messes like that Rose of Cimarron business, although I would take little stock in complete debunking such as Glenn Shirley tried to do in his story. Some writers like nothing better than to take a well known personage and pick him or her to pieces and try to make them appear to be just the opposite from what they were. This is senseless and at this late date, useless. There were dozens of holes in Mr. Shirley's story. I repeat—your magazine is great. —Bill Secrest, 4723 E. Brown, Fresno, California.

Hi, Joe!

My Dad thinks TRUE WEST is wonderful. He was already sold on WESTERN SPORTSMAN but just got acquainted with TRUE WEST. I much prefer TRUE WEST to the women's magazines. It doesn't contain any *diseases!* —Dorothy Blodgett, 3101 East Avenue, Austin, Texas.

Howdy, Fellows!

Last month I sent you my three bucks for twelve issues of TRUE WEST. When I received my first issue—darned if it ain't the best magazine I've read. Hurry up and make that a monthly magazine. How do you guys think we are gonna wait two months—do you want to drive us to the bottle? Why in the heck haven't you sent me a later issue yet? I won't sleep till you do! Do you have any back issues—Nos. 1, 2, & 3? If you do, send them to me. I won't hesitate to send you your sixbits. So hurry and send me issue No. 5.—Carl Hurst, Marble Hill, Missouri.

Gentlemen:

I never saw so much interest in the old Colt guns. I have an old .45 Colt which I purchased in Montana in the spring of 1895. I have valued it muchly as an old friend of my younger days.

I am an old man now and have no son or relative to leave this gun to, and as dollars are not so plentiful I have decided to offer it for sale. It has a 7" barrel, and is in perfect condition. Somebody make me an offer.

Your magazine is the best. I am familiar with many of the characters and places. I made a trip up the trail with Ab Blocker to the Black Hills in 1893, went to Nebraska with a herd of the Jingle Bob steers from New Mexico. I helped establish the [O] in Canada in 1905, and I presume I shall finish here. —Harry Alterson, Box 755, Shaunavon, Sask., Canada.

Dear Editor:

Some friends and I have been trying for some time to rate the 10 best men with a six-gun in the Old West, and we are wondering if maybe some of TRUE WEST'S readers would like to send in a list of their favorite ten. They could be listed in the order of 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc. choices. If readers will do this, I'll tally the different names and send you a copy of the results.—Albert R. Harris, Route 2, Box 255, Kerman, California.

**All right, boys—draw your hawglaigs and let Brother Harris have it! Write him direct.**


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### Miscellaneous

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As for TRUE WEST, you know what it is—if you've read even one issue. One thing sure, if you like it now—you wouldn't miss what's coming up this Winter a'tall!

SPECIAL! For the first time in our publishing history, we are offering 12 issue subscriptions to both our magazines for the price of TRUE WEST ALONE—$3.00! If you are receiving one magazine already, we'll extend that subscription.

AND WHAT A GIFT OFFER! Send one friend TRUE WEST, another WESTERN SPORTSMAN—two gifts for one price!

Keep both, keep one and send one to a friend, send both to a friend or friends—do it any way you wish—BUT DO IT FAST for the Christmas gift flood of subscriptions will be hitting us soon and we'll be snowed under. Send out as many as you wish at this once-in-**our**-lifetime-price, but please do it EARLY!

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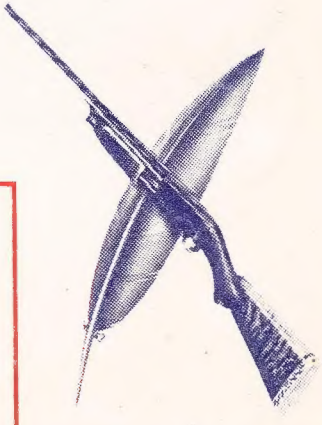

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